

Mrs. Dolly J. Nor-
e Carrie M. Libby,
aged 41 years,
and Mrs. J. Nor-
e Carrie M. Libby,
aged 41 years,
and Mrs. J. Nor-
e Carrie M. Libby,
aged 41 years,

Erson Kimball,
Mary A. wife of
years, 11 months,
daughter of Mr.
enjamin Barstow,
Frances O. Hill,
aged 75 years,
Sept. 15, James T.
years, 5 months,
Jonathan
Bailey,
Jella A. wife of B.
months,

Sept. 19, Mrs. Mary
aged 76 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,

Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,

Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,

Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,

Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,

Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,

Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,

Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,

Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,

Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,

Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,

Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,

Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,

Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,

Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,

Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,

Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,

Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,

Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,

Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,

Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,

Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,

Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,

Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,
Sept. 20, Mrs. J.
aged 75 years,



BADGER & MANLEY, Publishers and Proprietors.

Vol. LXIII.

"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN."

AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1895.

TERMS: \$1.50 per annum, in Advance.

No. 48.

Maine Farmer.

Said a down-East farmer: "The people in our town are not rich, but they manage to enjoy life. The whole town wouldn't make a millionaire, but every family owns its own home and has a garden. Everybody has plenty to do; but they take time to be contented."

F. A. Allen, Auburn Plains, long Secretary of the State Grange, has tendered his resignation to the Executive Committee, and the same has been accepted, and J. J. Jackson, Lewiston, has been appointed to fill the vacancy till the annual meeting, which occurs in December. The increase of the business of the Androscoggin Patrons' Fire Insurance Company, of which Mr. Allen is Secretary, is the cause of his resignation.

The sudden death of Prof. Charles V. Riley, formerly entomologist to the Department of Agriculture, from a fall from his bicycle, is a national loss. He has been for many years well known to the country as one of the foremost entomologists of the world. Much of his work had been specially in the line of those insects preying upon the products of the soil, and therefore of special interest to the farmer and the horticulturist. His age was fifty-three years.

The Anisette is the name of a new apple that is highly recommended by reliable authority for its hardness, and also for its good quality. In appearance it closely resembles the Duchess, but is of much higher quality. When fully ripe it will class a fine dessert apple. It is mildly acid, juicy, and has the tenderness of flesh peculiar to the Duchess. As people are still looking for a better apple than the Duchess for the north, it would be well for our station to take this under test.

WHAT OF THE FRUIT CROP? It is settled that the apple crop of the State is one of the lightest in many years. There is probably no more of this fruit among us than will be needed for use within the borders of the State. Still, there are some growers who have some fruit for sale. The great question with them is, what is this fruit going to be worth in the market?

With Maine fruit growers this year, there such can be found, the short crop does not necessarily mean high prices. With the close mercantile relations between different countries, and the means of transportation now provided, the crop of the world almost has to be considered in making up judgment. Thus the apple crop of Great Britain all accounts agree in representing as unusually heavy and of good quality. France, the nearest country for the English market to draw upon, also has a bountiful crop, and the same is true of Germany, Holland, Belgium and Italy. It is no need, therefore, to record the conclusion that the foreign demand will be comparatively light, and of course proportionately critical as to quality.

In regard to the crop at large in our own country, as affecting the demand for the few Maine apples that will be for sale, the August report of the Department of Agriculture states: "Taking the whole country, the prospective product of apples is larger than for several years." Arkansas, Missouri, Kansas, Illinois, Indiana, Southern Ohio, Eastern Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Tennessee, Maryland, Virginia, New Jersey, Nebraska, Colorado and the Pacific Coast States have a large crop of good quality. New York, also, has quite a good crop, though not one of its largest. Throughout New England the crop is light. From this view each one can draw his own conclusions, and there is not much danger that he will misjudge the outlook for prices of Maine fruit.

The Cape Cod crop of cranberries is an average one, and prices are reported ranging \$5 to \$6 a barrel.

GROWING ASPARAGUS. Editor Maine Farmer: I would be much pleased if you would impart the information on precisely the sowing and setting of plants, time for sowing both soil, dressing, manner of cultivating, and best place to procure seeds and plants. Am an old subscriber, and would like to see the information in the Maine Farmer. Truly, ELIZA A. SIMPSON.

Asparagus is very easily grown. Select any well drained soil that will produce corn, potatoes or other vegetables, plow it deep, and make it rich by the application of stable manure. It is well to do this preparatory work in autumn, that the plot may be ready for planting as soon as the frost is out in spring. Send to Kendall & Whittey, Portland, and order the plants, or perhaps more properly the roots. They are not expensive. Conover's Colossal is the variety wanted. Plant clusters of the roots four inches below the surface, in rows two feet apart and eighteen inches in the row. Keep the surface clean of weeds. Every autumn after give a liberal top-dressing with stable manure. After the first year there will be no trouble but there will be asparagus enough.

CONDUCT OF FAIRS.

We call attention to an article in another column on Entertainment at Fairs, taken from the editorial columns of the *New England Farmer*. We are pleased to see our able Boston contemporary come to the support of the *Maine Farmer*, (and other of our State papers as well), in the views it has long held and has persistently advocated regarding the conduct of our agricultural exhibitions.

With the press a unit in these matters, it would be hard, indeed, for the individuals charged with the management of these fairs, however much they might differ from them, to long stand out against their influence.

In passing, however, we wish, while thanking Brother Whitaker for his high, yet we believe, well deserved compliments to the Maine State Fair, to deny the statement that Maine has held one great fair this year where "almost everything that was disreputable was allowed on the grounds." It was not *Maine's* Fair. Every executive officer of the society belongs outside our State. Its honored president is a citizen of Massachusetts, its secretary is a resident of Worcester, and its treasurer registers from New Hampshire. These men alone were responsible for the conduct of the fair as carried on at Portland.

Our worthy co-worker in another paragraph claims that the public at fairs "wants to be amused more than to be instructed." We can hardly endorse that idea in full, and would prefer to modify the language and have it read that the public like to be amused while being instructed. This would comply better with the taste, wishes and character of Maine's State Fair visitors. They do not attend on the State exhibitions for the fun of it, either wholly or chiefly. Hence its support and its patronage has increased as its exhibitions have been cleaned of disreputable attachments, and its entertaining features introduced have been of a cultural and elevating character.

But right at this point the *New England Farmer* fails to catch on to an important point in fair management, and many officers of these enterprises have also overlooked the same in their efforts to fill their treasury by drawing out the people. The way to interest a people in a fair is to enlist their efforts in its behalf, to engage them in its work. These entertaining features designed to attract attendance must be drawn from the people, the great mass of which it is desired to induce to attend. Our State Fair goes have never been drawn by a Myrtle Peck or a Wild West performance. But a Grange parade, a floral procession, a coaching display, gotten up here by and among the people from which an attendance must come, if at all, and everybody is interested and all hands turn out and take it in along with the rest of the show. Just here is where there has been a great oversight. Enterprises of the kind have long lost sight of the people as actors while needing them as factors. If they would interest the people in the pictures, the attractions of the exhibition, (and in its substantial features as well), in order to increase the attendance, they must in some way so manage as to get the people to make the pictures. They must keep in touch with the people. This has been plainly shown in all our exhibition work in Maine, both at State and county. Hired attractions do not draw, as the *New England Farmer* has finally learned, and our friends of the Bay State and the New England have found out to their loss. Nor can a few officers get together and provide for an exhibition and count on the public to pay an admission and go in to see it. It does not work that way. The people must have a direct interest in the show. We are glad to see this question discussed with the candor and deliberate judgment shown in the article referred to.

THE PINE CONE AND TASSEL.

Will some of our young botanists write out the natural history of our common white pine for the *Maine Farmer*? Some of our young friends went in search of the State flower, the pine cone, with the intention of using it in decorating their carriage for the Grange parade at the State fair, but to their disappointment could not find this floral emblem, but so recently adopted, either upon or under the trees, nor could they find any evidence that the trees had recently been in bloom(?). The fact of the adoption of a fruit, or seed ball, rather than a flower as a floral emblem seemed a misplacement, but finding the indication that this fruitage, even, was of rare occurrence was a greater surprise. It occurs to us in this connection that the habits of the pine, though so common as to be in sight of every door yard, may not after all be familiar to every one, and possibly not to some of those who gave it their choice in the balloting. A full history of the pine, therefore, formation of cones, methods of seeding, habits of growth, shedding its needles and renewing the same, would be of interest not only to the young grangers referred to, but also to many other young people not now familiar with the same. Who will furnish it and send it to the *Maine Farmer* for publication?

TESTING TEST BOTTLES.

Some of the difficulties attending accurate work with the Babcock test, as also the necessity for guarding against inaccuracies, are well shown in the following article contributed to *Hoar's Dairyman*:

It has recently come in my way to test a great many thousands of test bottles, and I find it a very much more difficult matter than any one who has not tried it would suppose.

I have been using mercury to make the tests in all cases, but mercury is a most exceedingly difficult substance to handle in small quantities, and if you try it you will find it practically impossible to put an amount of mercury into one of these bottles' necks so that it will fill it exactly to the marked line.

Another great difficulty which I have struck, is in the reading of the top of this column of mercury. The top of the column curves in the opposite direction from the top of the column of water, (I refer to the curve produced by the capillary attraction). Some of our scientists read the top of the column from the bottom of the curve, some from the top of it, and some from the center. These different readings cause a difference of 3.0 of 1% in the 10% graduated on the neck of the bottle.

My plan has been somewhat as follows: I fill the bottle with mercury up near the bottom of the column of figures (it need not be exact), then balance the bottle with its contents very carefully on a pair of balances and add mercury to near the top of the column, having first recorded the readings of both the bottom and top of the column of mercury. I now weigh the mercury that was last added in the top, which is done by simply keeping exact account of the number of weights used to balance the additional mercury. It is then very easy by simple calculation to find whether the graduations are correct.

I have the weight of so many per cent. in the bottles I am testing and I know the weight of 10% of mercury in the absolutely correct bottles. It has been my experience in making these tests, that a very large majority of the bottles read too high, and in fact every reading has been so uniformly high that I think they are graduated about 3.0 of 1% high purposefully. By this 3.0 of 1% I mean 3.0 of 1% in a 10% graduated bottle.

This, as you notice, would not mean 3.0 of 1% too high reading for milk testing unless this milk tested should contain 10% of butter fat.

In the average sample of milk the reading of the average bottle is about 1.0 of 1% too high. In testing different lots of bottles, I find that about one-half of them have evidently been tested, while in the other half the variations are almost anywhere; some of them reading 4.0 of 1% too high and others that much too low.

A very good plan for a creamery man to find out whether his bottles are correct or not is for him to test all his bottles with the same sample of milk at the same time. If he finds that all of the bottles read the same from this same sample, he can be reasonably sure that his bottles are about right.

I also noticed another article in your same issue referring to this same matter, and to the fact that a farmer has found a variation of 40% between his butter yield and his Babcock test. This variation is unquestionably caused by inaccuracy in his work. Have used here a test so constructed that it makes most extremely delicate readings, and I have frequently been able to read down to 1.200 of 1%. In fact my work shows results very much more accurate than Dr. Babcock has ever claimed for his invention. I do not think that Dr. Babcock claims enough for this test. I know that my work is correct because I have had it verified by the best chemists in the United States who use other methods to test these same samples.

There are quite a number of inaccuracies which the ordinary user encounters when making tests with his Babcock machine. In the first place the man making the test is not nearly so careful as he should be to get all the butter fat out of the bottles before he begins to make the test. In other words he uses a dirty bottle.

I have also come across quite a number of specimens of commercial sulphuric acid such as is used in the Babcock test that contains a very considerable percentage of fat mixed with the acid. Probably the chemist will be greatly shocked with this statement, and say that this is not so. At the same time, I know that it is so. Too weak acid will make an inaccurate test, and a shorter whirling of the machine than the directions call for, will also make an inaccurate test.

There are two other points where inaccuracy may occur very readily. It is generally well known by creamery men that if their cream separator trembles or vibrates then the machine is not doing clean skimming. The Babcock test works on precisely the same principle that the cream separator does, and if it rattles and vibrates when the test is being made, then the separation of the butter fat from the milk is not complete. The other inaccuracy is in handling the bottles. If an expert will pick up a bottle after it has made a test and finds but 1.0 of 1% butter fat in the neck of his bottle, and will then hit his bottle a sharp tap with his finger, he will discover that the butter fat has entirely disappeared. The butter fat has adhered to the neck of the bottle, and there is recorded a reading of absolutely clean skimming when it should not be so recorded.

R. P. SHARPLES.
Elgin, Ill.

EASTERN MAINE STATE FAIR DATES.

The officers of the Eastern Maine Fair have voted to hold the fair of 1896 in their regular week, the last in August. This year it was held a week earlier, as the management of the New England Fair announced their exhibition for the regular week of the Eastern Maine Fair, and the managers changed their date so as not to conflict with them. Next year, however, they will hold to their regular dates, no matter what the other fair appointments may be, and they make this

early announcement in order that it may be definitely known all over the State.

The above action we contend is right. The Eastern Maine Fair, from its start up to the past year, had adopted the week prior to that set apart for the State Fair at Lewiston as its time for its regular annual exhibition. This course has suited exhibitors, and has satisfied the fair-going public. We contend, therefore, the week named in the announcement made is theirs by precedent and by right. If the New England Fair chooses to thrust itself upon the territory already covered by our two popular great fairs, and without invitation from them, let it take its chances on dates not already by right preempted.

ENTERTAINMENT AT FAIRS.

The Maine State Fair Complimented.

From the *New England Farmer*: The conclusion of the fair season, so far as many of the larger fairs are concerned, brings up again the old but ever new subject of attractions and amusements on the fair grounds. Maine has furnished this year two extremes in the way of managing fairs. At the New England Fair in Portland almost everything that was disreputable was allowed on the grounds, while the State Fair at Lewiston was a very agreeable contrast. The Maine State Society is also entitled to the credit of having discovered an idea which is of great importance to the management of agricultural societies, and which may work a transformation in many respects, but at the same time the idea is so simple that it is strange that other societies did not discover it long ago. Great credit is due to the managers of the Maine fair, and they are to be congratulated in the warmest of terms on their work.

The officers of the Maine State Society recognize that the public wants to be amused more than to be instructed, and that popular amusements and attractions must be secured in order to get a crowd. Admitting this condition of affairs, the Maine managers decided that what matter they had to expend for popular attractions should be for such attractions as were in some way allied with agriculture, or the agricultural interests of the State. Consequently the funds that other societies pay to acrobats, Japanese jugglers, and all kinds of circus attractions, (which, by the way, are proper enough in themselves and in their place, though hardly in the place as the main features of an agricultural show), the managers of the Maine fair expended in such things as a coaching parade, teams of horses and cattle on the track and an exhibition of Grange floats in procession about the grounds. The result was that the society received a number of thousand dollars more than its expenses and will materially reduce its debt.

We were informed at the Bay State Fair that the cost of the attractions was from \$1500 to \$2000, and the editor of this paper asked many Worcester people whether in their opinion that expenditure of money was, from a business standpoint, a wise investment, that is, whether the cost of the \$2000 it cost and enough over to make a profit on the venture. The almost unanimous opinion was that the receipts were not very materially increased by these attractions. Suppose now, that \$2000 had been expended in working up Grange excursions in a coaching parade, or in other ways which might be suggested to quick-witted persons, we think that the amount invested would have been returned many times over. At any rate, the profit would have certainly been as good as it was for the various circus attractions, and it would have kept the society more strictly in the line of an agricultural show.

The Maine society is entitled to the thanks of the community for its suggestion, and we hope that hereafter there will be many other societies ready to adopt this idea. We must have amusements at our fairs; a purely educational fair would be a failure; the profit wants to be entertained and to have holiday features predominate—but let the money be expended along such lines as will be keeping with the agricultural idea.

PATRONS' FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

The annual meeting of the Androscoggin Patrons' Mutual Fire Insurance Company was held at Auburn, Wednesday, Sept. 25. The reports of the officers showed the business of the company to be in a sound and satisfactory condition. With all claims adjusted there is still a balance in the treasury. The company has been quite fortunate the past year over the matter of fires. With about three millions of policies written only one assessment has been called for in the year. The cost to the insured for the year has been a trifle less than two dollars and a half on a thousand dollars. Only members of the order of P. of H. are insured in this company. The old board of officers was elected as follows:

Directors—Z. A. Gilbert, President, North Greene; Charles H. Cobb, East Poland; W. S. Rogers, Topsham; J. L. Stewart, South Monmouth; A. E. Jackson, Lewiston.

F. A. Allen, Secretary, Auburn Plains; J. J. Jackson, Treasurer, Lewiston.

WEST WASHINGTON AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The thirty-sixth annual fair of this society, at Cherryfield, adds another to the successful fairs which have made this society prominent among the agricultural societies of Maine. Under its able management increased interest comes with each succeeding year, as is seen in the profuse and varied display of products, and the large attendance that never fails to honor the old West Washington with their presence.

The exhibits in the main hall made a fine display, and embraced the products of the farm, the dairy and the orchard. The garden display numbered 134 en-

tries. Those receiving first honors were W. H. Ingersoll, Columbia; Charles Caler, Centreville; L. H. Plummer, Harrington; T. W. Look, Addison; J. H. Small, West Gouldsboro; Fred Nash, Harrington; Benjamin Wakefield, Cherryfield. For the best collection of vegetables the honors were divided between Columbia farmers, J. E. Stewart and A. J. Merritt.

The potato exhibit, though not as extensive as last year's, was still creditable to the Murphy family. There were 84 contributors. Those receiving first premium for new varieties were A. C. Look, Addison; Leonard Preble, West Harrington; B. F. Willey, Cherryfield; Freedom Ramsdell, Marshville.

There were 101 competitors for prizes for field crops, E. L. Drisco, Columbia Falls, taking the lead among the bean growers. He was given first money for best Yellow Eyes, Indian Chief and Jacob's Cattle.

Never in any preceding year has there been such a fine array of rich golden pumpkins and squashes of different hues. There were 100 exhibitors to this department. For the longest pumpkin, weighing 75 pounds, premium was awarded to J. W. Nash, seconded by Frank Campbell, who contributed one weighing 60 pounds. A. W. Ricker of Cherryfield exhibited a Butman squash weighing 60 pounds. W. H. Robertson was awarded first prize for the best collection of Hubbard's.

There was no space in the lower hall more pleasing or attractive to visitors than the one allotted to the fruit exhibitors. There was an increase of entries from former years, and in point of quality and variety the exhibit was never excelled at an Eastern fair. Conspicuous in the array were the long row of plates laden with luscious apples of the most hardy kinds. Every variety of plums which the Maine climate produces was represented in the display, and the showing of pears by no means a meagre one. The principal contributions were from the orchards of W. A. Ingersoll, Columbia Falls; H. A. Plummer, Addison; A. J. Merritt, Columbia; J. E. Stewart, Columbia, Wm. Freeman, E. C. Small, W. H. Robertson, D. W. Campbell, C. J. Milliken, Cherryfield. Also noticeable in the collection were some fine plates of pears and apples exhibited by Frank Campbell of Cherryfield and S. S. Tracy, West Gouldsboro. The honors for the best collection of fruit was divided between E. C. Small, Cherryfield, and John E. Stewart, Columbia, the former having twenty-nine entries and the latter eighteen.

As usual the butter makers were present with their product, there being thirty entries. Mrs. Mary C. Freeman's plate for the best ten pounds of print butter, and Mrs. Luella Grace received some honors for best sixteen pounds packed butter.

A stroll among the cattle pens convinces one that farmers are losing interest in this important branch of their calling. In quality the showing was good. Most of the animals are entirely of royal blood, and the remaining ones are strongly impregnated with it. Most of the red and blue ribbons were worn away by the Jerseys. Those wearing the red were owned by John Monohon, Jr., Wm. Freeman, Daniel McHaffon, Ira Grace, Charles A. Grant and G. H. Hanna.

Added to the display in the lower hall was a creditable contribution from the trades and traders.

The second floor of the exhibition building was reserved for lady exhibitors and contributors to the art department. There were numerous specimens of woman's handiwork from the loom to the finest needle, and the trained eye and skilled hand of the artist were visible in the many drawings and paintings that graced the walls.

Wednesday and Thursday nights grand harvest balls at Union Hall rounded off the proceedings of those days.

The horse department contained more entries and a better display than last year, and showed that much improvement had been made by many breeders. W. W. Rumball's stallion, Trusty Boy, Jr., by Trusty Boy, 2108, by Mambrino Patchen, 58, dam Kate, by Young Ethan, by Ethan Allen, 43, is a horse of fine style and action, and trotted an exhibition mile in 2.35½. His colts are like him in a remarkable degree, and helped to gain him the first premium in his class. His competitors were Denmark, Jr., by Denmark, by Gen. Withers, and Jo M., Jr., by the Morgan stallion Jo M., both having colts to represent them.

Irving Strout's Clydesdale stallion, Bardier, Jr., bred on Prince Edward Island, continues to hold first place among draft stallions, and had many good colts on the grounds. The most valuable colt in the exhibit was J. W. M. Nash's three-year-old filly, Kit, by Stamboula, by Stamboul, bred by Graham & Conly in Kentucky. This colt has been handled some by trainer N. C. Tucker during the summer, and trotted an exhibition mile in 2.35½ without a skip.

The horses were judged by W. A. Whittier of Old Orchard, who performed the same service two years ago. He gave universal satisfaction, and ex-

plained the reasons for his decisions as the colts passed before him. The horse-men were pleased with the changes made in the stalls, and most of the trotters were kept on the grounds. The races were well contested, although most of them were decided in straight heats. The free-for-all was the fastest and most exciting race ever seen on this track. Camille and Veni Vici passed under the wire neck and neck, and had Orono Boy been able to keep his feet on the last turn, the time would have been several seconds faster. Below is a summary of the races:

3.00 CLASS—FURSE \$100—FACE AND TROT.
Black Creek, Jr. blk. s. (Ellingwood)... 3 3 3
Daisy, b.m. (Hopkins)... 2 3 3
Harry P. br. g. (Kenney)... dis
Lambert Wilkes, b.m. (Andrews)... 2 2 2
Time—2:48, 2:47, 2:44½.

2.45 CLASS, FACE AND TROT—FURSE \$100.
Harry P. br. g. (Rowe)... 1 1 1
Black Creek, Jr. blk. s. (Ellingwood)... 3 3 3
Daisy, b.m. (Hopkins)... 2 3 3
Watchmaker, Jr. blk. g. (Currier)... 4 dis
Time—2:43½, 2:40, 2:47.

2.40 CLASS, FACE AND TROT—FURSE \$100.
Duster, b.m. (Bates)... 1 1 1
Harry P. br. g. (Rowe)... 3 3 3
Daisy, b.m. (Hopkins)... 2 3 3
Lady Lightfoot, (Andrews)... 4 4 4
Time—2:31½, 2:37½, 2:34½.

2.35 CLASS, FACE AND TROT—FURSE \$100.
Denver, ch. g. (Andrews)... 2 3 3
Black Prince, blk. g. (Hopkins)... 3 2 2
Duster, b.m. (Bates)... 1 1 1
Gypsy B. g. s. (Stevens)... 4 4 4
Time—2:32½, 2:30½, 2:30½.

FREE FOR ALL—TROT—FURSE \$300.
Orono Boy, Jr. g. (Page)... 3 3 3
Camille, b.m. (Deering)... 1 1 1
Black Prince, blk. g. (Hopkins)... 4 4 4
Veni Vici, br. (Lansdown)... 2 1 2
Time—2:23½, 2:23½, 2:23½, 2:24.

This park is a member of the National Association, and the races were conducted in a manner satisfactory to all by W. A. Whittier of Old Orchard, starter, assisted by Judges H. F. Whitcomb, Secretary of Hancock County Fair, Ellsworth, and W. G. Means, President of Central Washington County Fair, Machias. N. B. Dyer, timer; E. K. Wilson, clerk.

The total attendance at the fair was 12,000, and the receipts are sufficient to pay all awards and obligations of the society.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

THE MARCH OF IMPROVEMENT.

BY A PATRON.

Mr. Editor: Since my visit of last week to the Kennebec County Fair, my thoughts have turned backward to the exhibitions at Readfield but one quarter century ago. And as we sometimes hear the "croakers" say that the society is going down, and that there has been no advancement, I will mention, for the benefit of your readers, some of the improvements that have been made within that time.

The grounds have been enlarged on the west and north sides, greatly increasing their convenience and capacity. A commodious grand stand was built several years ago, that adds much to the comfort of those interested in the races, and also to the appearance of the grounds. If my memory serves me right, at the time of my first visit the only seats provided by the society were a few uncovered ones near the spot where the Secretary's office now stands. There were a few rough stalls for horses, but none for cattle. The Treasurer occupied a little hut at the entrance to the grounds, in which he suffered much from cold, unless the day was a particularly fine one. The Secretary performed his many duties in a tiny room partitioned off in the southeast corner of the lower floor of the exhibition building.

The walls and table on the west side were covered with articles representing the industries of the home, while the table on the east was sufficient to show all vegetables, and the shelf above spacious enough for the fruit and flower exhibit. The space at the north end of the hall was allotted to manufacturers to show sewing machines and organs. The upper hall was only used as a store-room.

One misses somewhat the long strings of fine oxen seen in former days, but they have been superseded by horses which appear in large numbers, and are of good quality.

There is not a diminishing interest in the society, if we can judge by the increase in attendance of the last few years over the same number at the beginning of the quarter century. And many branches of exhibits have doubled and trebled.

With all these changes accomplished, there are still many innovations necessary before the society reaches the summit of its possibilities. In glancing through the premium list one is surprised at the small amount offered in some of the classes. I believe this to be a mistake, for the larger the premiums, the greater will be the competition. A person with a good article or animal is glad to show it if he can get some compensation for his time and effort. As yet there are few individuals loyal enough to spend two days in taking the productions of farm and home to the fair, with the prospect of getting scarcely enough for admission fee in return. This year but one Grange exhibited. Upon inquiry I learned that the sum offered was so meagre that the Granges from neighboring towns could not afford to compete.

Oh, ye members of Kennebec County Agricultural Society! Did you attend

the State Fair at Lewiston this year and not become convinced that you were making a grave mistake in not encouraging the growth of that order which has done so much to promote true agriculture in our country? Kennebec county is not behind Androscoggin in ability or in natural advantages. In fact, it has long been conceded that she is one of the foremost in the State. And as good an exhibition from the Granges in the vicinity of Readfield could be made as was shown this year at Lewiston. Would not the amount paid for balloon ascensions have been better expended for the society if it had been offered in premiums for Grange exhibits? Would it not have done more for the further development of agriculture and mankind?

Choice Miscellany.

CYNICAL SOCIAL QUERIES.

"Tis love that makes the world go round," we hear the poets say: It may have been in ancient times, but it is no to-day.

We hear some talk of Cupid, who's so widely known to fame. But when it comes to marriage, is he really in the game?

"Tis love that makes the world go round," we hear on every side. But don't we see the love god very frequently defied?

We find a lot about him in the novels that we read. But isn't it a little that our girls all think they need?

"Tis love that makes the world go round," has ever been the claim. But isn't wealth too commonly a suitor's only aim?

He speaks about her beauty and he speaks about her birth. But isn't most the gossip of the money she is worth?

"Tis love that makes the world go round," but even in the press. On what important items do we lay the greatest stress?

In speaking of the social world, if all these things are so. Can any mortal really claim it's love that makes it so?

—Chicago Post.

LIFE'S LESSON.

With what madness, untold sadness, Spin we the tangled threads of life: With what weary, unceasing hurry, And such eagerness for strife, Do we go rushing, heedless of the end, Save for self, and self alone, Through all the day, in life's pathway, A noble hope unknown.

Tread we fearless, blind and tearless, On many an aching heart, As we lie bleeding, unheeding, Race on as swift as the start: Knowing never, if, or ever, The thing we seek to grasp Shall finally, in security, Rest in our eager grasp.

And then, at last, when life is past, And we hear the breakers roar On the great sea of eternity, As they dash upon its shore, Too late we learn our chief concern: Were something else we trying To pluck the flower, born of the hour, That fades while we are dying.

—Chicago Inter Ocean.

ART OF CORRESPONDENCE.

To Write a Charming Letter an Accomplishment.

The most delightfully worthwhile of all accomplishments is, to my mind, that of writing charming letters. However sweet a song may be, it is evanescent as a breath, and survives as a divine memory only. Conversation requires the actual presence of those engaged in it, and the pleasure it gives depends upon many things—a melodious voice, an attractive appearance, maybe cheerful looks, congenial surroundings, freedom from the cares and interruptions of life. But it matters not how cold and bare a garment may be, nor how forbidding its outlook upon the chimney-pots under a wintry sky, or whether the lodge be in a wilderness or foreign land; given some measure of leisure, good stationery and a convenient post office, all the world may be ours. We may daily send forth, on white wings, our highest thoughts and most gracious words, and a full need of appreciation will surely return to us.

Such a correspondence may be independent of the formalities of an introduction. No third person is needed if we wish to congratulate an artist or philosopher, or express our gratitude to a philanthropist, philosopher or poet. These dwellers in the realms of thought are peculiarly susceptible to this delicate form of flattery. Momentous consequences have occasionally been the outgrowth of acquaintance thus begun. I knew a happy marriage to result from such a correspondence with a poet, and we all have known friendships, ending only with life, which have been nourished as they were begun, by letters only.

Of course, the high thinking that must govern correspondence bringing about such results, formulas of expression and matters of stationery are quite swept into the background. And yet I fancy the initial letters in most cases must be immaculate—prim, trig, little affairs, neat and trim as an epigram, producing something like the impression on a recipient from a perfectly-gloved hand extended for its first greeting.

The introductory letters must be happily worded—clear and direct—but I am sure they should also be neatly written. . . . One should have an alcohol lamp, or a roll of the wax tapers sold for the purpose, and still air in the room to properly seal letters. With the pen and envelope before you, turn one end of the stick of wax rapidly over the flame, not near enough to ignite it, and it is creamy and ready to drop, then deftly dab it round and round over the point of the envelope flap until enough is deposited, when the dab of wax may be held a moment immediately over the flame. This firmly presses the seal into it. If a drop of the hot wax is first placed under the point of the flap the seal will be less likely to break. A well-cut seal will never stick, and practice will insure a firm impression, with the wax molded neatly and evenly around the seal. In all this, practice be careful. Remember Mrs. Longfellow's sad fate from the lace of her gown catching fire as she sealed her letters!—Delineator.

GOOD MARKSMEN.

Reasons Why the Boers Could Not Be Conquered by England.

The Boers are a fine, smart, active, wiry, well-trained, disciplined body of men, always ready for an emergency, plucky to a degree, accurate judges of distance and thoroughly reliable shots. A Boer is generally mounted, but under no circumstances is he to be found without his rifle, pistol, hunting knife and telescope or binoculars.

He is forever judging distance and making test shots at special objects in every imaginable direction and under all conditions and variations of the weather, so as to render himself practically perfect. Once he takes a shot at any object he is never satisfied until he has hit it.

He will take good care to accustom himself to judge distance on and fire at object directly in the sun, as also when the sun is shining from either flank, or from the rear, so that he may become sure under all circumstances; and it was to this thorough and systematic training that the Boers, as a body, owe their success against the British.

The skirmishing system was as perfect as it could well be, they were well under control and their distances in extended order was well kept.

Each file of the Boers had a file of the enemy told off to them to watch and

kill, and splendid, indeed, was their practice to the bewilderment of their opponents, who were shot down like so many red rats.

The Boer system was as follows: Front and rear rank men acted as comrades, encouraging and advising each other, and besides being well armed and equipped, had the additional aid of good and powerful binoculars; they also wore veils the color of the ground to conceal their faces, and, while one man shot his comrades watched the result of the trial through his binoculars, turn and turn about. The British firing was wretched, partly because the home authorities carelessly sent out young soldiers, most of whom had not completed their recruit drill, and who had not gone through a course of musketry.—Philadelphia Times.

ANCIENT TRADE IN ILLINOIS.

Antiquities Along the Southern Shore of Lake Michigan.

Some interesting facts concerning the early local history of Chicago, with theories of the archeology of that region, have been made public in a paper prepared by John F. Steward, an archeologist who has given much study to the antiquities of the Lake Michigan shore. He finds that "the archeology of Chicago blended into the recorded annals of the French explorers more than two centuries ago." The geographical importance of Chicago (first spelled "Chicagou") was recognized by the primitive inhabitants, and there are evidences that the place was a center for traffic among the Indian tribes before its written history began.

In fact, it is Mr. Steward's belief that "as a commercial center Chicago began not long after the subsidence of the postglacial waters that sifted and shifted the sands and gravels of the Mississippi valley and turned, in part, the new-formed lakes through the gulf of St. Lawrence and partly into the gulf of Mexico." Continuing the search for facts concerning this early time, he says: "It is impossible to read rightly the story that our archeological finds might tell; whether on the lake shores that are so abundant on the lake shore were laid by the French, as they camped over winter or perhaps only for days waiting for storms to abate; or whether they were laid by the great Illinois nation, the Potawatomi, or other later tribes that frequented this vicinity, or laid by the so-called mound-builders. Although there are many mounds in the vicinity, I have never found anything that seemed in any way like mound-builders' fortifications, except upon the brow of a high hill near the village site. There is to be seen a circular area of an acre in extent, one-half of the circle consisting of the steep hill side itself, and the other half of a ditch and embankment. The entrance is still well defended, and a bank is seen to close it.

"The Frenchmen have told us that wherever they stopped they fortified themselves; and they may have done so here. The abundance of potsherds shows that the people were considerable. They cooked their food, and the latter ones raised corn, beans, melons, and some vegetables, for the early French explorers tell us so. Shells that show the action of fire show that they indulged in clam-bakes. They made maple sugar, and boiled their sagamite in the maple sap, and thus made a dish well liked by La Salle and his men. The wild onion, still so abundant, served them well. We find their hoe-blades, usually made of flint, often well worn by use. It is my belief that most of the relics we find in the vicinity of Chicago were left by the Illinois confederation, which consisted of several tribes that, during the time of the French explorations, held possession of the United States. This state now known by their name. The mounds are probably older."—N. Y. Post.

ELK ARE GREAT FIGHTERS.

They Are the Handsomest Members of the Entire Deer Family.

The most majestic and largest member of the deer family, but our elk, or wapiti, is certainly the handsomest, and it also stands next to the first in size. Take an eight-year-old male elk in November, when his sides and quarters are plumply rounded, the long black hair on his neck like a grizzly's winter overcoat, his nostrils distended, eyes flashing, neck swelled with pride, and his fine new antlers fairly sparkling for a fight—and then match him if you can! It is then that he goes about with a chip on his shoulder, feeling not only willing, but eager, to whip all creation. He is then at his finest. His coat is new and bright, he is the finest deer that ever stepped, and he knows it. He has no other aim, except to settle with him, better postpone it until February or March, when his antlers fall off and leave him meek and inoffensive.

It is by no means uncommon for captive elk to commit murder, and to become so dangerous as to require summary execution. Not long ago a keeper of the Philadelphia zoological garden was gored to death by one. Of all the difficult problems that perplex the superintendent of a zoo, the worst is that of keeping the elk herd so that none of its weaker members shall be murdered. As to their food supply, they are easily kept, for they eat almost anything that is fit for them; but between October and February I would not children keep a lion or tiger in my back yard than a full grown elk in good condition.

In appearance the adult male elk is magnificent. There is nothing about him that is "out of drawing," as the artists say. His legs are small and shapely; his form is beautifully modeled; his head is small and round, and he is not a head of the smaller deer; his eye is big and bright, his hair is luxuriant, and his "color scheme" is pleasing. He is built for strength, speed and beauty combined, and he looks it.

But his antlers! They are his crowning glory. Even when you find a single one, where it has been dropped on a bleak hillside and lies all alone, you instinctively halt to admire it, for you know that it came from a grand animal. But let the king of the Cervidae himself stand before you, with two big brown trees of solid bone rising from his forehead, thrusting two branches forward, then sweeping backward and upward, branching grandly as they go, until the topmost prongs rise in the air above the wearer's horns, and if you have within you one spark of admiration for grand things in nature, you will surely exclaim with me, "What a magnificent animal!" Put him in a grassy mountain park, surrounded by a few evergreen trees, with a background of pine timber and snowy peaks, and his majesty is undeniable.—W. T. Hornaday, in St. Nicholas.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Walter Blackburn Harte, sometime editor of the now defunct Talbot Errant, and Harvey M. Watts, Talbot Williams' literary assistant on the Philadelphia Press, are Mr. Lewis' assistants in the editorial work on Moods.

—The widow of Jim Fisk is living to-day in a humble frame tenement house in Boston on an income of \$50 a month, which is not from her husband's estate. Fisk was worth \$3,000,000 when killed by Stokes, but it has all vanished.

—Lily Langtry, when it came to the decisive point, hesitated whether to go on the stage or try market-gardening. She owned a famous garden in Jersey Lane, and was fond of it. When in England she stays as much as possible at her racing-stable farm at Newmarket.

—Not long ago the two-year-old child of a Berlin day laborer died of starvation. The frenzied father, to save his darling from the potter's field, took the body in his arms and went begging wherewith to give it decent burial. He was arrested as a mendicant, according to law, they said.

—The danger that besets the novelists who attempt to write plays is illustrated by Mr. Zangwill in an anecdote of an actress who played in an unsuccessful comedy by a distinguished man of letters. One of the stage directions, she said, ran thus: "Re-enter Mary, having drunk a cup of tea."

—Mr. William Morris makes high art pay, if we may accept the calculations of the British Printer. One of the latest publications of the Kelmscott press is an edition of Chaucer, of which only 425 copies were printed on paper and seven on vellum. Every one of these has been sold, every 425,000 being realized for the ordinary copies and nearly \$5,000 for the vellum impressions.

—"Joe" Chamberlain is a little-built man of incisive manner, with a clean-cut, smooth-shaven face, and looks quite two decades younger than his years, which are threescore—so much that he is often taken for his son. He was his first spurs as mayor of Birmingham, where he served a long and very useful municipal apprenticeship. He is quite wealthy, having amassed a large fortune in the screw trade. He is popularly known as "Bum-bum-bum Joe."

—Joseph Thomson, the young African explorer who recently died at thirty-six, was the only man who penetrated into the interior from all four sides. From Morocco on the north he explored Mount Atlas, from the west he went up the Niger, from the east he reached the great lake, and from the east he traveled through the Masai country to the lakes. In all his expeditions he never found it necessary to use a revolver or a rifle against a human being.

—William Morris is almost the only one left of the original pre-Raphaelites. He is now in his sixty-first year. His poems are less widely known than his relations to textile manufactures, bookbinding, and a reflection in some measure of the type of which Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo are still higher exemplars, his sense of beauty have been carried into everything hand or pen has touched. His twin muses, the one of literature, the other of practical arts, have worked in happy sisterhood for more than a generation.

HUMOROUS.

—Great Expectations.—"So Tadbury is married? What does he expect to live on?" "The income he hopes to get next year."—Detroit Free Press.

—No Longer in Doubt.—"Have you seen Flora since she tried to ride her bicycle?" "No—Yes, and I am fully convinced that beauty is only skin deep."—Life.

—Incredulous Friend—"You'll never accomplish anything by trying to reach the pole." Arctic Explorer—"Just wait till you see me coming down the homestretch."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—Papa's Joy.—"Ma," inquired Bobby, "hasn't a queer idea of heaven?" "Well, I think not, Bobby. Why?" "I heard him say that the week you spent at the sea-shore seemed like a Heaven to him."—Pottsville Review.

—Tramp (Interviewing Herr Gutierrez at the front door)—"Excuse me; yesterday you gave me this hat and the light top coat I am now wearing; couldn't you let me have a walking stick to match?"—Frederickblatt.

—Different From Her Sex.—First Little Girl—"And isn't your cat afraid of mice?" Second Little Girl—"Oh, no, not a single bit." First Little Girl—"That's queer. And she's a lady cat, too, isn't she?"—Somerville Journal.

—Traveler (to native)—"Can you tell me how far I am from Creamtown?" Native—"About 24,999 miles." Traveler—"Impossible." Native—"I mean if you keep on the way you are going. If you turn round and go back it's only about a mile."—Tit-Bits.

—Does your sister know that I have called to see her?" the young man inquired, after waiting uselessly for an hour. "I guess she does," replied the small brother. "She doesn't generally take more than five minutes to take when she has a caller."—Washington Star.

—Foggy he received a letter the other day, and he had a strong premonition that he would find a ten dollar bill in it. When he opened it he found a bill for ten dollars which, he says, though not exactly the same dollar, shows his impression was not altogether astray.—Boston Transcript.

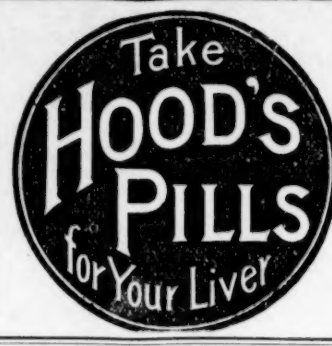
—Illustrating the Process.—The little girl had amputated her doll's head, legs and feet, scattered their sawdust, and otherwise reduced them to a condition of primitive chaos. She was discovered in the act of trying to reconstruct them. "What are you doing, Katie?" asked her mother. "I am playing in the first chapter of Genesis," she replied.—Chicago Tribune.

"For years I had suffered from falling of the womb, inflammation of the stomach, and weakness of the female organs."

"I used Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound, and found a perfect cure in it for these troubles."

Mrs. Lizzie E. Pinkham, 284 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.

—The faith-healers were thus called from the fact that they claimed by the exercise of faith and by prayer to heal all manner of diseases.



IN A POT OF GLUE.

Common as the Compound Is, Few Know Much About It.

There are three kinds of glue. One is made of the hides or sinews of cattle. The pieces cut off by the butcher and tanner, and which are of no use in making leather, are soaked in lime water. The lime eats away the fatty or partly defatted matter and leaves the glue portion. This is carefully washed and put into large kettles, where the glue liquor is boiled out, and the insoluble fibers sink to the bottom. The liquor is poured into pans and allowed to cool and harden. It then looks like calves' foot jelly. When cold, this jelly is turned out of the pans and sliced, the sheets laid out to dry.

Simple as the process seems, technical skill and ripe experience are required in manufacturing glue. Many people have tried to make glue at home. Anybody can do it, the manufacturers of glue say, but only the expert skillful worker can make glue successfully or economically, because only they understand how to get the full strength and quality out of the stock. It doesn't take much of a defect to spoil the best stock—that is why so many amateur glue makers fail ignominiously and repeatedly.

The second kind of glue is made from the bones of cattle, and only differs from the other method in that acid instead of lime is used in softening the stock. The third kind of glue is made from the feet of cattle and hogs. Glue from this stock is easily made, because the hoofs have simply to be washed, boiled out, cooled, sliced and dried.

Authorities differ as to which kind of glue is best. The acid-made glue is used largely in stiffening straw goods, especially wide-brim straw hats, for finishing silk and for fine-grained and hardwood work. While we could get along without bone glue, it is intimately connected with our lives and all that in them would fall apart if we had no glue made from hide stock.

Manufacturers are continually asked, it seems.

"What is glue used for anyway?"

The tone of the inquiry suggests usually some confusion in the questioner's mind between glue and mullage. Wood work of all kinds, chairs, tables, bedsteads, railway cars, desks and carriages are held together by it—we are rocked in a glued cradle and buried in a glued coffin. Kalsomine is a mixture of paris white and glue, and all paper hangings are only white paper kalsomined. Writing paper gets its surface from glue. So do cards and glazed paper. If the cover falls off one of the books in your library you may be sure that "hide" glue was not used in the binding, but that an inferior quality was substituted.

Besides binding books, glue holds paper boxes together. It goes to make up emery wheels and the sizing of petroleum and turpentine barrels. These are, of course, only a few of its uses, but they are the important industries that require nearly four-fifths of the six million pounds of glue used every year in the United States. This quantity ten million pounds are imported.

Factories are found in all our great cities, their location being near the supply of stock, and it is strange that no two make glue just alike. An expert can tell at a glance, it is said, the quality of glue by a given piece of glue comes.

Before using glue should always be soaked in cold water from one to twelve hours—in pieces; if ground it will soak in five or ten minutes. To get the best results, prepare and soak beforehand just what is needed, and use as fresh as possible. One reason why "household glue"—that which has been in the glue pot on the top kitchen shelf for six months—does not prove more satisfactory is that it is too old.

Glue will not hold unless the pieces to be fastened are put together while the glue on them is still hot and liquid. The function of glue is to sink into the fibers and grasp them. This it does not do when chilled. When properly mixed and applied, the pieces should be held in place in a vise or by twine tightly drawn around them. In soaking or applying glue use clean pots and brushes.—N. Y. Press.

"BILLY BLACK-TAIL"

That Is the Pet Name of the Lusty Male Deer.

Coming down to the members of the deer family that are universally known as deer, we first meet the lusty fellow, the one who inhabits the wilder portions of the west. By the men who live in his country he is called the black-tailed deer—his pet name is "Billy Blacktail"—but naturalists call him the mule deer, simply because he has large ears.

In the Canadian northwest this creature is called the jumping deer, and a very appropriate name it is, too. I shall never forget my unbounded astonishment when I first saw a big antlered buck of this species go flying down the crest of a bare ridge in the badlands of the Musselshell. He bounded past my position in full view for a quarter of a mile, and I had an excellent view of him. He did not gallop as do all other deer, reaching far out with his fore feet, but he just jumped into the air, stiffened his legs, and went bounding forward as if the ground were an India rubber cushion that threw him upward and forward every time he touched it with his feet. He actually bent his knees a trifle, just as his feet touched, and threw his body upward again, while his strong hind legs shot him forward. It was all so easy, and so completely without effort, that he seemed to be almost flying along, like William Tell's eagle.

By the side of his untried will I have lost my record of the length of his leap, but I think it was sixteen feet, or so I say "Jumping Deer" is a good name.—W. T. Hornaday, in St. Nicholas.

—The faith-healers were thus called from the fact that they claimed by the exercise of faith and by prayer to heal all manner of diseases.

The Opium Poppy.

The true opium poppy can be easily and successfully grown in that country where, in favorable seasons, the plant will flower in about fifteen weeks from the time of planting. As soon as the flower falls the capsule is slightly cut across one side in the afternoon to let out the milky juice. About four wounds are made. The next morning the milky juice will have hardened to a thin gum, which is scraped off with a blunt knife and transferred from the knife into a clean tin vessel. The unwounded side of the capsule is operated on the following afternoon. The collected gum or opium is made into thin cakes and carefully dried in the shade. The work of opium collection is one which can be done by careful women and children. When nothing but the seeds or heads are required the poppy is planted or sown and hoed out or thinned to a distance of nine inches apart. About forty thousand heads can be gathered to the acre, and when dried they are worth about five dollars a thousand. The seed is rich in oil, very nutritious, with an almond flavor, and is good food for convalescents. It brings twenty-five cents an ounce in Sydney.—Agricultural Gazette, New South Wales.

ITEMS AND INCIDENTS.

Why Not You?

When thousands of people are taking Hood's Sarsaparilla to overcome the weakness and languor which are so common at this season, why are you not doing the same? When you know that Hood's Sarsaparilla has power to cure rheumatism, dyspepsia and all diseases caused by impure blood, why do you continue to suffer? Hood's cures others, why not you?

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient. Miss (to cook)—Your name, Mary, and my daughter's being the same, makes matters somewhat confusing. Now, how do you like, say, the name of Brown?

Cook—Sure, mum, it's me that's not particular. I'm willing to call the young lady anything you like.

The universal prevalence of scrofula is a fact well known to physicians. The only medicine that has hitherto proved a specific for this dreadful complaint is Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which expels every germ of poison from the blood. You cannot begin to use it too soon.

A scientist says that the muscles of the tongue are much more highly developed in the women than in the men.—Fruit & Garden.

This solves the Mary Ellen Lease mystery.

If the Baby is cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Wesson's Soothing Syrup for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures windcolic and keeps the bowels regular. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

"Henry, you look worried; what is the trouble?"

"I'm going to the quick by an adder this afternoon."

"Why, I went to the bank this afternoon, and the bank clerk, after adding up the ledger, told me my account was overdrawn."

A stimulant is often needed to nourish and strengthen the roots and to keep the hair a natural color. Hall's Hair Renewer is the best tonic for the hair.

Wiggins, the weather prophet, says the great lakes are drying up.—New Bedford Standard.

Wiggins should follow their example.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she became a Child, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

"How are you feeling?" asked the physician.

The patient turned up his eyes and remarked in a hollow voice: "I am feeling rather well, thank you, Doctor," and the doctor was not just sure where the thanks were intended to come in.

Lorenzo Mund, Providence, R. I., writes: "I contracted a severe cold which settled on my lungs, causing inflammation and distress. I had slight sweats and fever for eight or nine days, lost my appetite, and friends said I was in consumption. After considerable doctoring, from which I received no benefit, I was advised to try ADAMSON'S BOTANIC GUM, BALSAM, and the result is my appetite is good, night sweats and fever have left me, gaining in flesh and getting to feel like a new man."

Stranger—I would like to see your bill collector a moment.

Editor—Certainly! John, hand the gentleman that shotgun.

To need to remove the chimney when lighting the kerosene lamp, while its screw and plunge lift for regulating the wick, and its simple design for reworking, make it emphatically the best.

—Explosive bullets were first used in India for hunting tigers and elephants. They were brought into use in Europe by their introduction into the Russian army in 1863. In 1908 an international convention declared their employment in war to be inhuman and unnecessary.

Healthy Children

come from healthy mothers. And mothers will certainly be healthy if they'll take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Nothing can equal it in building up a woman's strength, in regulating and assisting all her natural functions. It lessens the pains and burdens of child-bearing, supports and strengthens weak, nursing mothers, and promotes an abundant secretion of nourishment.

It is an invigorating, restorative tonic, a soothing and bracing nerve, and a remedy for woman's ills and ailments. In every chronic "female complaint" or weakness, it acts so beneficially that, once used, it is always in favor.

Delicate Diseases affecting male or female, however induced, speedily and permanently cured. Illustrated book sent sealed for 10 cents in stamps. Mailed Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Trade and Religion Mixed

Religion was strangely mixed with trade at Pecamp, France, the other day when the archbishop of Rouen, assisted by the bishop of Blois and many priests, consecrated the new buildings of the liqueur distillery where the famous Benedictine is made. The liquor was invented in 1810 by one of the Benedictines, and was made by them until they were dispersed by the revolution. Thirty years ago a descendant of one of the agents of the abbey found the recipe and manufactured the liqueur as a commercial speculation. The buildings were burned down three years ago, and in their place he has now put up on the site of the former abbey as close a reproduction of the old monastery as could be made.—Vanity.

AMSTERDAM & KELLY
Pittsburgh
ANCHOR, Cincinnati
ATLANTIC, New York
BUTLER, New York
BUCKLEY, New York
COLLIER, New York
CONLEY, Buffalo
DAVIS-CRANBURY, Pittsburgh
EDGEMORE, Cincinnati
FARMINGTON, New York
JERRY, New York
KENTUCKY, Louisville
JOHN T. LEWIS & BROS., Philadelphia
MCNALLY, Cleveland
MCNEILL, St. Louis
REED HEAD, St. Louis
SALMON, Salem, Mass.
SHIFFMAN, Chicago
SOUTHERN, St. Louis and Chicago
VICTOR, New York
UNION, New York

The Reason

why some dealers try to sell, and some paint, is less. Quality should be the first consideration, and is the true economy.

For colors, the National Lead Co.'s tinting colors are especially prepared for tinting Pure White Lead to any shade required.

For pamphlet and color-card—sent free—address

NATIONAL LEAD CO.,

1 Broadway, New York.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—With advancing years Robert Colver, the Unitarian preacher, has come to resemble Henry Ward Beecher in personal appearance.

—The chair of Hebrew and church history in the German Theological seminary at Newark, N. J., made vacant recently by the deposition of Dr. Hauser, is to be filled by Rev. H. J. Weber, Ph.D., pastor of the German Presbyterian Church of Peace in Philadelphia, Pa.

—Rev. John B. McClellan is president of the English Royal Agricultural college, which has just celebrated its jubilee. The college, which is at Cirencester, was founded to give young Englishmen who were likely to become colonists a thorough knowledge of practical agriculture. It has a faculty of a dozen masters.

—Rev. John Jasper, the colored preacher of Richmond and author of the famous "Sun do move" theory of the solar system, is, apart from his intellectual accomplishments, a most estimable and devoted Christian worker. He receives only six hundred dollars per year salary and will take no more, although the Mount Zion Baptist church has repeatedly offered to increase his stipend.

—When Bishop Thorold was buried at Winchester cathedral recently, the coffin was placed in the grave with the feet to the west, instead of to the east. A few hours after the funeral had taken place, and after all the company had dispersed, the coffin was lifted from the grave and placed in the usual eastward position, which has been adopted with every bishop of Winchester who is buried in the cathedral.

—Dr. Randall Davidson, bishop of Rochester, who has been made bishop of Winchester, in succession to the late Bishop Thorold, becomes by right a member of the house of lords, with the bishops of Durham and London. The other twenty-eight bishops must wait their turn to take the twenty-nine bishops' seats in the house, which are filled according to seniority of appointment, the seven junior bishops, whatever their seniority be, not being peers.

—Rev. Stephen Humphreys, Gorton, M. A. (Cantab.), LL. B., has been appointed by Bishop Perry of Iowa to be senior canon, non-residential, of the cathedral church of Davenport, Ia., select preacher in advent and lent, and lecturer in Anglo-Saxon and early English literature in Grisswold college.

Canon Gorton was appointed dean of Davenport cathedral eighteen years ago, but was unable to accept the appointment at that time owing to the demands of his work at the cathedral church in Buffalo, N. Y., and his interest in the success of the Charity Organization society, of which he is the founder in the United States. The newly-appointed canon is the author of several works, the latest of which is "The Arthurian Epic."

The University of Berlin has the largest attendance of any similar institution on the globe, namely, 8,843 entitled to lecture privileges. The only possible rival are the "faculties" at Paris, which combined report an attendance of 10,048. Of the regular universities the next to Berlin numerically is Madrid, with 5,887 students; Vienna, with 4,888; Naples, with 4,822; Moscow, with 3,907. The technical school of Berlin—Charlottenburg—also leads all in attendance, reporting 2,403; followed by Munich, with 1,323; Boston, with 1,157; Zurich, with 984; Riga, with 984; Vienna, with 980. The same leadership must be accorded the Berlin schools of agriculture, forestry and mining, the attendance being in each about 680, while St. Petersburg comes next with 600 in its mining school and 570 in the school of forestry. In its school of dentistry, however, Berlin occupies only the fifth place, being outstripped by Madrid, Vienna, Copenhagen and Budapest.

That Was What He Meant. Mr. Snaggs—Miss Vellveine is short in her accounts, that is, short for a woman.

Mrs. Sn

Woman's Department.

A WORD FOR TULIPS.

In a recent issue of the *Farmer*, some writer endeavors to raise delicate plants like the tulip. Either that writer has had a very limited experience with tulips, else they must have been a different variety from anything I have ever tried to raise. Possibly she meant that they were unsatisfactory as house plants. But the chief reason for this is because the ordinary living room is too dry and warm. Still, I have raised beautiful ones in my sitting room. I wish I could tell you what a source of pleasure my tulip bed is. Only a little round bed, not more than four feet in diameter. I plant the bulbs in the fall, any time before the ground freezes, but September is the best time; then they have a chance to get rooted. Top dress it, and let it stay till they get started in the spring. It is wonderful how early the brave little things will awaken. Last spring we had a late freeze one night after they were up two or three inches. Mr. D. came in the morning, saying, "Wife, I fear your tulips were spoiled last night." I only laughed and said, "Never you fear; my little tulips know what they are about." Although the buds and leaves seemed to be frozen solid, it did not hurt them a particle, for they kept right on growing, and in a few days the little circle was a glowing flame of beauty. As there are both early and late varieties, I get about six weeks of bloom early in the spring, before other plants, except bulbous ones, dare to bloom. They will grow and multiply year after year, but about every three years ought to be taken up and thinned.

Last year, while they were in bloom, I set out little pansy plants among them, which began to bloom soon after the tulips finished, and thus had pansies all summer. This year I sowed mixed single poppy seeds among them, which have given a mass of beauty all summer, and at the present writing, Sept. 20th, are still blossoming freely, although the grape leaves within a few feet of them look brown and seared by the frost.

And now let me add a few words for the children. I have allowed my two little girls to think the pansies and poppies in that little bed belong especially to them. Every day they have gathered their little bouquets, thus fostering their love for flowers, and doing the very best thing to gain more blossoms, for "pansies, poppies and sweet peas," of all plants, need to be picked daily. If the seed pods are allowed to form, the plants will soon stop blooming.

I do hope this will induce some of my *Farmer* friends to start a tulip bed this fall. Don't plant them in a wet place, nor allow the dressing to come in direct contact with the bulbs.

Mrs. V. P. DeCOSTER.

A HINT TO COUNTRY GIRLS.

The constant influx of girls from the country into large cities brings with it portents of danger and evil. Dreaming of an easy time, good wages, a better wardrobe and more congenial companions, dazzled by the vision of city amusements, and hoping perhaps to find a marriageable partner and settle down into a comfortable city home, thousands leave the farm or the village and flock to the metropolis. Here many of them confront a situation far different from that which they imagined in advance of their actual experience of city life! The wages they get are meagre, their lodgings are far from comfortable, they have no home life, they face new temptations and trials, and their life becomes one of hardship and trouble. In the store, factory, shop or office they are beset with danger and annoyance, while all about them are pitfalls spread for unwary feet. Some of them, with unusual aptitudes for stenography, typewriting and kindred occupations, or with fine executive gifts, make their way to the top and secure first class positions, but a great multitude struggle and almost starve on \$5 or \$6 a week. This latter class are not able to save any money. A week's illness brings them into debt, and a month without employment renders them objects of charity.

How much better it would be for most of them were they to stay at home, help in the household, or accept such work as might be available on the farm or in the village. Our large cities now contain thousands of girls in a sorry plight, either without employment or struggling for bread-girils who might have remained in comfort at home, or who could have found work of some sort in a country town to support them, with less cost of strength, nerve power and vital force, to say nothing of the dangers which now beset them in the city. What kindness it would be to thousands who are helplessly planning to rush cityward "to find something to do," could a persuasive word reach them and say, "Better stay at home."—*New York Correspondent.*

AMERICAN GIRL VIOLINISTS.

The mother of Dora Valasca Becker had, as a child, the greatest craving to study the violin, but her wish was never realized, because her father, a wealthy Hungarian merchant, was opposed to the idea of having a girl educated in music. Mrs. Becker was therefore determined, should she be blessed with a daughter, to have her learn the violin. It so came about that the little Dora began her studies when only six years of age. She was born in Galveston, Tex., her father being conductor of the Galveston singing society. At the age of seven she made her debut at the Galveston opera house. At a second concert, given when she was only nine years old, she won the hearts of the people in such a manner that they sent her presents of jewelry and a beautiful violin.

Some years ago, when Camilla Uro was in the flush of her professional career, a little girl, after hearing her play, thought, "One woman has mastered the violin, why should not another?" This girl was Maud Powell, an American artist whose name is famous in both hemispheres. Twice a

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100 PURE

Are your dishes rough and dull looking when they come on the table? Were they washed with a rosin soap? Rosin is sticky. Ivory Soap washes clean and rinses readily.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CHICAGO.

week, while yet in her teens, she traveled alone forty miles to Chicago and back to take her lessons, and at thirteen had made such progress that her parents decided to send her abroad for a year of study. When she appeared for examination before the staid old professors in the conservatory at Leipzig, her talent was so pronounced that all took an unwelcome interest in her. When the year was over, Miss Powell decided to go to Paris for one year more of study.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

QUEEN VICTORIA'S CROWN.

Gems by the Thousand Make It the Finest Diamond in Europe.

Queen Victoria's crown is constructed of jewels taken from old crowns, and other stones provided by her majesty. It consists of emeralds, rubies, sapphires, pearls and diamonds. The stones, which are set in gold and silver, incased in a crimson velvet cap, with a border of emeralds, the whole of the interior being lined with the finest white silk. Above the crimson border, on the lower edges of the band, is a row of one hundred and twenty-nine pearls. Round the upper part of the band is a border of one hundred and twelve pearls. In front, stationed between the two borders of pearls, is a huge sapphire, purchased by George IV. set in a crown of valuable pearls. At the back, in the same position, is another, but smaller, sapphire.

The sides are adorned with three sapphires, and between these are eight emeralds. Above and below the sapphires, extending all around the crown, are placed at intervals fourteen large diamonds, the eight emeralds being encircled by a cluster of diamonds, one hundred and twenty-eight in number. Between the emeralds and sapphires are sixteen ornaments, each consisting of eight diamonds. Above a circular band are eight sapphires, set separately, encircled by eight diamonds. Between each of these eight sapphires are eight festoons of eighteen diamonds each. In front of the crown is a diamond Maltese cross, in the center of which glitters the famous ruby given to Edward I. by Don Pedro the Cruel. This is the stone which adorned the helmet of Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt. The center of the ruby is hollowed out, and the space filled, in accordance with the eastern custom, with a smaller ruby. The Maltese cross is formed of seventy-five splendid diamonds. At each of the sides and at the back is a Maltese cross with emerald centers, containing respectively one hundred and thirty-two, one hundred and twenty-four and one hundred and thirty sparkling diamonds.

Level with the four Maltese crosses, and stationed between these, are four ornaments shaped like the fleur-de-lis, with four rubies in the center, and surrounded by diamonds, containing eighty-five, eighty-six and eighty-seven diamonds. From the Maltese crosses spring four imperial arches, composed of oak leaves and diamonds. The leaves are formed of seven hundred and twenty-eight diamonds. The arches, thirty-two in number, are composed of fifty-four diamonds the cups. From the upper part of the imperial arches hang pearls set in diamond cups, each cup being formed of twelve diamonds, the stems from each of the four hanging pearls being incrustated with twenty-four diamonds. Above the arch is a mount, which is made of four hundred and thirty-eight diamonds. The zone and arc are represented by thirty-three diamonds. On the summit of the throne is a cross, which has for its center a rose-cut sapphire set in the center of fourteen large diamonds. Altogether the crown comprises one hundred and thirty-three diamonds, four rubies, sixteen sapphires, eleven emeralds, four rubies, sixteen hundred and thirty-three brilliant, twelve hundred and seventy-three rose diamonds, four pendant-shaped pearls and two hundred and seventy-three smaller pearls. It is the heaviest and most uncomfortable of all crowns, and is not worn except on the most important occasions. A week's illness brings them into debt, and a month without employment renders them objects of charity.

HOUSEHOLD BRIEVITIES.

—Citron Pickle.—Cut your melon in places and boil in salted water until tender, then drain and add three quarts of vinegar, two pounds sugar and one-fourth pound cassia buds. Boil five minutes. Ripen cucumbers or watermelon rind will do as well as the citron melon.—*Orange Judd Farmer.*

—Peach or Apple Sweet Pickles.—If you are a professional nurse, and was familiar with the symptoms of her sister's sickness. Mrs. Newell was away on a visit when a reporter called upon her, but Mrs. Newell, who lives at No. 418 East One-hundred-and-twenty-second street, told the story of her sister's recovery.

A doctor was called when Mrs. Newell's condition became serious, and he prescribed small pink pills, which, in a short time, relieved the woman's pain as no other medicine had done. "After awhile," Mrs. Newell told the reporter, "we learned that the medicine the physician was giving my sister was nothing more than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Being by experience how excellent a remedy these pills were, Mrs. Newell bought some at a drug store and continued taking them. The effect was most gratifying, for in six months my sister was perfectly well, and the pain in her back was nothing more than an unpleasant memory. Both she and I have recommended the Pink Pills to other people, who have not failed to find them all that is claimed. All the doctors my sister had been treated by, before taking the pills, had done her no apparent good."

Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose form, by the dozen or hundred), and the public is cautioned against numerous imitations sold in the shape of a box or a bottle for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

If your child is puny, fretful, troubled with glandular swellings, inflamed eyes, or sores on the head, face, or body, a course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is needed to expel the scrofulous humors from the blood. The sooner you begin to give this medicine the better.

Young Folks' Column.

HOW TO DOUBLE YOUR MONEY.

We will tell you a plan for gaining wealth. Being rich in spirit, fond of young people, and always ready to furnish innocent amusements for them, but had no patience with dishonesty or deception of any kind. Moreover, he was wealthy and probably the most influential citizen in the town which he lived in.

One pleasant morning in autumn, Uncle Lyman arose in Sunday school and announced that for the next four days, or until Friday morning, he would permit all the Sunday school scholars and their friends to gather hickory nuts from his grove, which was situated in the center of the town, near the church. He also said that after Friday morning he would want, for his own use, all the nuts that were left in the grove.

FRANK DIMMERLY'S SERVICE.

Uncle Lyman Wells was a stout old gentleman, very slow in his motions and deliberate in speech, fond of young people, and always ready to furnish innocent amusements for them, but had no patience with dishonesty or deception of any kind. Moreover, he was wealthy and probably the most influential citizen in the town which he lived in.

One pleasant morning in autumn, Uncle Lyman arose in Sunday school and announced that for the next four days, or until Friday morning, he would permit all the Sunday school scholars and their friends to gather hickory nuts from his grove, which was situated in the center of the town, near the church. He also said that after Friday morning he would want, for his own use, all the nuts that were left in the grove.

A CRUEL PRACTICE.

Happy those little ones who have ever near their loving arms within whose magic circle the oncoming of the cruel fit of terror is instantly calmed, giving place to a delicious calm!

How unhappy those children must be who, timid and feeble by nature, lack this refuge—where are left much alone to wrestle with their horrors as best they may, and are rudely repulsed when they bear their heart-quake to others! We need not venture to say. Still less should I care to suggest what is suffered by those unfortunate who find in those about them not comfort, assurance, support in their fearsome moments, but the worst source of terror. To be brutal to these small, sensitive organisms, to practice on their terrors, to take delight in exciting the wild stare and wider shriek of terror, this is perhaps one of the strange things which makes one believe in the old saying that the devil can enter into men and women. For here we seem to have to do with a form of cruelty so exquisite, so contrary to the oldest instincts, that it is dishonoring to the savage and to the lower animals to attempt to refer it to heredity.

To dwell on such things, however, would be to go back to a pessimistic view of childhood. It is undeniable that children are exposed to indescribable misery when they are delivered into the hands of a consummately cruel mother or nurse. Yet one may hope that this sort of person is exceptional—something which we can give no account save by saying that now and again in sport nature produces a monster, as if to show what she could do if she did not choose more wisely and benignly to work within the limitations of type.—*Prof. James Sully, in Popular Science Monthly.*

FANCY SILKS.

The damask silks of a generation ago appear again under the name of brocade and are rich enough for draping a drawing room. Marguerite and feather designs of exquisite colors are on these heavy silks. Wide stripes of black satin are a feature on other silks; these two colors are wide in white and black, and are very beautiful. The new silks are of many intricately blended colors.—*Harper's Bazar.*

BACKACHE.

[From the Press, New York City.] Few people have suffered more from pain in the back than Mrs. Lillie B. Newell of No. 2315 Second Avenue, New York city. For several years she was afflicted with this distressing malady that she was hardly able to get around, and could do little to care for her children, which made her suffering all the harder to bear.

When a reporter called upon her, but Mrs. Newell, who lives at No. 418 East One-hundred-and-twenty-second street, told the story of her sister's recovery.

A doctor was called when Mrs. Newell's condition became serious, and he prescribed small pink pills, which, in a short time, relieved the woman's pain as no other medicine had done. "After awhile," Mrs. Newell told the reporter, "we learned that the medicine the physician was giving my sister was nothing more than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Being by experience how excellent a remedy these pills were, Mrs. Newell bought some at a drug store and continued taking them. The effect was most gratifying, for in six months my sister was perfectly well, and the pain in her back was nothing more than an unpleasant memory. Both she and I have recommended the Pink Pills to other people, who have not failed to find them all that is claimed. All the doctors my sister had been treated by, before taking the pills, had done her no apparent good."

THAT CYCLOPE.

It was the same one which swept the New England States, blowing down trees and making such a fuss not long ago.

The house was a beautiful summer residence, made of fine white brackets, drawn smoothly across white cedar poles, and it stood in the shelter of a big elm tree quite near papa's brick building. The carpenters had not finished their work, but Mistress Ruth had moved in and was making the loveliest mad cakes for supper when the black cloud came up.

"Come in, children," called mamma. "Quick! I get this pole up," said Carpenter Ray. "That's it, Bessie, hold it just a minute, and we'll have it so it won't blow down."

In that minute, mamma, quick! I get the pole up, said Carpenter Ray. "That's it, Bessie, hold it just a minute, and we'll have it so it won't blow down."

Then there was a flash, a crash, a roar and several screams. The great elm tree was struck by lightning, as a tiny white line showed, from the drooping branches to the ground! The beautiful summer residence was in ruins! The carpenters and Mistress Ruth were buried beneath the blankets!

Mamma called to papa, but she ran to the rescue and had them all in the house before papa really knew what the matter was. Strange to say, not one of them was hurt!

SUNKEN CITIES.

There are numerous legends of sunken cities scattered through Ireland, some of which are of a most romantic origin, and are believed by the superstitious people. Thus, the space now covered by the Lake of Inchiquin is reported in former days to have been a populous and flourishing city; but for some dreadful and un-

solved crime, tradition says, it was buried beneath the deep waters. The "dark spirit" of its king still resides in one of the caverns which border the lake, and once every seven years at midnight he issues forth, mounted on his white charger, and makes the complete circuit of the lake—a performance which he is to continue until the silver hoofs of his steed are worn out, when the curse will be removed and the city reappear once more on all its by-gone coast. The peasantry affirm that even now, on a calm night, one may clearly see the towers and spires gleaming through the clear water. With this legend we may compare one told by Burton in his History of Ireland: "The Ulster lake Neagh, a thousand paces long and fifteen thousand broad, out of which ariseth the noble northern river called Bann. It is believed by the inhabitants that they were formerly wicked, vicious people who lived in this place, and that as an old prophecy in everyone's mouth that whenever a well, which was therein, and was continually covered and locked up carefully, should be left open, so great a quantity of war and slaughter as would forthwith overflow the whole adjacent country. It happened that an old bedlam coming to fetch water heard her child cry, upon which, running away in haste, she forgot to cover the spring, and coming back to do it, the land was so overrun that it was past her help, and at length she, her child and all the territory were drowned, which caused this pool that remains to this day." Giraldus Cambrensis, too, notices the tradition of Lough Neagh having once been a fountain which overflowed the whole country, to which Moore thus alludes:

"On Lough Neagh's banks, as the fisherman says,
When the clear cold evers of the declining
He sees the round towers of other days
In the water beneath him shining."

"MORLEANS" MOLASSES.

A New Game for Boys and Girls.

There were at least a dozen children playing upon the front lawn, and they were having such a good time that I could not refrain from asking the name of the game that afforded so much fun.

"MORLEANS" MOLASSES.

"What?" I exclaimed, with grown-up superiority. "You mean New Orleans Molasses."

"No," they replied again in a chorus, "Morleans Molasses," and they smiled at my pretending to know the name of a game I never had played. And I wondered myself at my own presumption.

Their determination to watch me and learn the source of the matter, but though I have not found that out yet, I found so good a game that I decided to give it a wider circle of friends, for I have reason to believe that it originated with one of the children on the lawn.

Their first step was to choose sides; then the two rows were formed upon opposite ends of the lawn. Side number one then proceeded to select some set of work or play which would be carried on in the meantime, and described in two or three words, such as swinging a hammock, nailing a shoe, pulling weeds, or stirring a cake. Their work selected, they then marched back across the lawn, stopped before the opposite line, and announced the letters of the word accompanying motion. When, for instance, they decided upon "pulling weeds" they said, as they stopped, "P. W., and then stooping down made the motion of pulling weeds. The others began to guess, any one announcing whatever he thought he made aloud. When the right guess was made the line "took to their heels," and the opposite line followed, trying to tag as many of the pursued as possible.

A STORY OF JOHN BRIGHT.

John Bright went into an agricultural station one day, and had to walk from the station a long way into the village. A clergyman who was driving in a dog-cart overtook him, and learning his destination, offered to drive him there.

"Have you seen the papers to-day?" the person asked, when Mr. Bright had accepted a seat. "I have seen them," said John Bright, "and I have been making another speech."

"And what was it about?" asked Mr. Bright. The clergyman explained. "Well," said the stranger, "perhaps Mr. Bright was only expressing his honest convictions; perhaps, even, he may be right."

"If he had said he would like to shoot him," Mr. Bright explained. "Well," said the stranger, "perhaps Mr. Bright was only expressing his honest convictions; perhaps, even, he may be right."

"No," said the person, "Oh, yes, you have," replied the friend; "you had John Bright with the congregation. Didn't you notice him in the middle pew?" "Why," said the rector, "I drove him to the village yesterday in

THE sick man knocking at the door of health gets up if he can, and stays out if he doesn't. There is a good deal of getting sick, and there is only one way to get well. You will find your digestion in good order, and make your blood rich and pure, you will not get well. Rich, red blood is the only thing that can bring perfect health. A large part of all the diseases that afflict mankind are traceable directly to impurities in the blood, and can be cured by eliminating these impurities. That most dreadful of all diseases, consumption, is a disease of the blood. The disease shows in the lungs because of some inherited or acquired weakness, and without this the disease would never develop and in time weakness itself would be overcome. Germs and impurities in the blood do the work of the disease. They find a weak spot for lodgment. They stick there and develop and people call the disease by the name of the organ affected. As a matter of fact, the disease is always a disease of the blood, and if the blood is purified, the disease will be cured. That is a perfectly natural, rational conclusion, and the highest medical authority. It is in accordance with these facts that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery works. The first thing it does is to put the whole digestive system into perfect order. It stimulates the appetite, excites the coöperation of the digestive fluids and promotes assimilation. It searches out disease germs wherever they may be, kills them and forces them out of the system. The "Golden Medical Discovery" has been used with unvarying success for over 30 years.

If you care to know more about it, and more about your body, send at once a cent stamp for cover of mailing only, and you will receive absolutely free a copy of Dr. Pierce's book, "Common Sense Medical Advice," which is a complete and reliable guide to health. Write to Dr. J. C. Pierce, Medical Association, No. 645 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

What a fine picture! Having accumulated a quantity of pictures cut at different times from magazines, and wishing to preserve them I acted upon the suggestion of a friend and mounted them upon cardboard, cutting it into twelve-inch sheets. The white edge having been removed from the pictures I cut very narrow strips of the thin rubber used by tailors, then laying a piece under the edge of each picture with a warm iron pressed the whole to the cardboard, leaving an equal margin on either side. The result proved most satisfactory, and as they lie on a stand they make a very interesting collection.

Ladies' Home Journal.

His One Cue.
"What dat mule good for?"
"He ain't good for much," was the reluctant reply.
"Kin he pull or kyah?"
"Not fur."

"What's he good for?"
"Well, I guess he ain't good for much 'cep' tradin' 'is 'jes keepin' 'im in er' swappin' mule."



LINCOLN'S

Hesitancy to Marry

BY JOHN GILMER SPEED

His strange sentimental perplexities—how he failed to know his own heart, or whom to marry. In the October issue of

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

10 Cents on all News-stands

The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia

MAGEE Boston Heater

FOR WARM AIR ONLY, and the MAGEE COMBINATION HEATER here shown (for warm air and Hot Water), each received THE HIGHEST AWARD at the World's Fair, Chicago.

They are honestly, carefully and intelligently made for USE, not merely to sell.

No one can afford to keep home without a Magee Range and Furnace, because they save in fuel and food with many times their cost above any others on the market.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

The name Magee carries our Guarantee of PERFECT SATISFACTION with proper use. DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULARS FREE.

For Sale by Leading Dealers Everywhere.

MAGEE FURNACE COMPANY.

Hot Water Combination. 32, 34, 36 & 38 Union St., Boston. 242 Water Street, New York. 186 Lake Street, Chicago.

LIME, CEMENT, PLASTERING HAIR, ETC.

Baskets, Wooden Ware and Dairy Supplies. Cider Mills, Feed Cutters, Root Cutters, Clothes Dryers,

THRESHING MACHINES, &c.

R. B. DUNNING & CO., Bangor, Me.

Send for one of our Illustrated Catalogues of Farm Machinery.

Augusta Safe Deposit AND TRUST CO.

No. 300 Opera House Block, Augusta, Me.

TRUSTEES.

J. MANCHESTER HAYNES, PRES. EDWIN C. BURLEIGH, G. H. LAWRENCE, FAYSON TUCKER, MATH W. COLLE, W. H. GANNETT, CHAS. H. WHITE, H. M. HEATH, CHAS. H. GROOMER, F. S. LYMAN, HYRON BOYD, ANDREW WILLIAMSON, W. SCOTT HILL, IRA H. RANDALL.

Deposits Received Subject to Check and INTEREST PAID ON THE DAILY BALANCES.

In Savings Department, interest paid QUARTERLY at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum on Deposits remaining THREE MONTHS or more, and computed from the 1st and 15th of each month.

All Deposits Subject to Check and Strictly Confidential.

High Grade Bonds and Investment Securities Bought and Sold.

Burglar & Fire-proof Safe Deposit Boxes To Let.

F. E. SMITH, Treas. 1719

AUGUSTA SAVINGS BANK.

ORGANIZED IN 1848.

Assets, June 13th, 1895, \$5,881,617.37. Surplus, \$456,000.

TRUSTEES.

WM. S. RADFORD, J. H. MANLEY, L. C. CORNISH, LINDALL TITCOMB, D. F. FAIRBROT.

Deposits received and placed on interest the first day of every month. Interest paid or credited in account on the first Wednesday of February and August. Deposits are exempt by law from all taxes, and accounts are strictly confidential.

Special privileges allowed to stockholders, Administrators, Guardians, Trustees, married women and others.

EDWIN C. DUDLEY, Treasurer.

ESTABLISHED 1861.

GEO. A. COCHRANE, Produce Commission Merchant and Exporter.

69 & 71 South Market St., Boston, Mass.

Consignments Butter, Cheese, Eggs and all kinds of produce solicited for sale on the market. If you are makers or handlers of fine grades of Butter or Cheese, communicate with me for further particulars. Weekly market report and stencil plate sent on application. Consignments of Butter, Cheese and Apples made to foreign markets for shipment to my correspondents, and liberal advances made thereon.

T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., No. 105 Pearl Street, New York.

CONSUMPTION.

To the Editor.—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. Respectfully,

T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., No. 105 Pearl Street, New York.

QUAKER CITY GRINDING MILL.

FEED AND TABLE MEAL, Improved for '95-'96. Send for all mills advertised.

Keep the best—return all orders.

A. W. STRAUB & CO., Chicago, Ill., and 41 E. Wacker Drive, St. Louis, Mo.

FARM FOR SALE.

Farm of 120 acres, situated in Sidney, for sale or exchange for house in some city. Will book. Corner Seneca and Madison.

Center Sidney, Kennebec Co., Me. Sept. 26, 1895.

4547

Every Mother { should have it
in the house
for the many common ailments which will

occur in every family as long as life has woes. It is a disease which is almost universal. Do not forget the very important and useful fact, that Johnson's Anodyne Liniment cures every form of inflammation, Internal or External. It is a fact, proven by the investigations of medical men, that the true cause of the disease is caused by inflammation; cure the inflammation and you conquer the disease.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

Could a remedy have existed for over eighty years except for the fact that it does possess extraordinary merit? Very true. Family Healer. There is not a medicine in use today which has the confidence of so many millions of people as this wonderful Anodyne. It has stood upon its own intrinsic merit, while generation after generation have used it with complete satisfaction, and handed down to their children a medicine which would save them from suffering. It is a Remedy, from infancy to good old age.


Our Book "Treatment for Diseases" Mailed Free. Send for it. It contains the names of all Diseases, the Doctor's Signature and Directions on every bottle.

Reliable

STORE
RIDGE, Proprietor,
ST OFFICE, AUGUSTA.
SCRIPTIONS THERE!

DRUGS and Specifics
prepared
and dispensed there.

ral Designs for All Occasions.
(Other Drug Store in Augusta)



ADAMS BOTANIC
COUGH BALSAM
CURES
COUGHS

**COUGHIS,
COLDS, ASTHMA,
HAY FEVER**
AND ALL DISEASES LEADING TO

CONSUMPTION
Regular Sizes 35¢ & 75¢



WHY TAKE ANY CHANCE?

In buying wire fence you are not laboring under the same difficulty as the little girl who said "there's only just one way to tell, mush-

rooms eat 'em, and if you die they are toad-stools." You can order the Page with the same certainty that it will do you good, that you fell in breathing fresh air, or drinking pure water. You are getting the best there is and there will be nothing to regret.

PAGE WOVEN WIRE FENCE CO., Adrian, Mich.

—HOMPSON'S ROOST

BANNER CUTTER

Hand and Power.
Cuts all kinds of
roots and vegetables
**FOR STOCK
FEEDING.**
Only machine made



with self feeder.
Warranted to do
Perfect Work.
Feed left in shape
to prevent all dan-
ger of choking.
Used everywhere. Catalogue **FREE**

D. E. THOMPSON & SON.
No. 47 River St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A book on the Diseases of Children is published by the mfrs. of the old standard remedy—True's Pin Worm Elixir.

EVERY MOTHER

asking for it will receive a copy free. Tells

EDUCATE
Business

GRAY'S PORTLAND COLLEGE
BUSINESS
SCHOOL OF SHORTHAND AND TYPEWRITING.
Send for free Illustrated Catalogue.
L. A. GRAY & SON, PORTLAND, ME.

Education.
Actual business by mail and common carrier at
The Shaw BUSINESS College
AND SHORTHAND
Portland and Augusta, Me.
F. L. SHAW, Principal, - PORTLAND.

WILLIAMSON & BURLEIGH,
Counselors at Law.
Over Granite Bank.

Augusta, Me. 1y45

Look Right Here!

Pigs by the dozen, pigs by the score,
Pigs for a song, now, what more
Do you want? Big pigs, little pigs,
All kinds of pigs: call right up, gentle-
men, here's where you get your money's
worth in pork. Corn is cheap.

W. F. ATHERTON.
Granite Hill Farm, Hallowell, Me. 2148

Agents Wanted.
Salary and expenses paid, or highest commission. Unequalled facilities. Stock all home grown, best ever raised. Great demand for our new and very valuable specialties. All our agents succeed. Apply immediately.

THE GENEVA NURSERY.
Established 1846. Geneva, N. Y.
One of the largest and best known in the

country. W. & T. SMITH, Proprietors.
4148°

Exile of St. Lambert.

A fine yearling bull sired by a son of this

noted sire. You want this blood in your herd.
Price low. Address, **CHARLES E. WHEELER.**
Chesterville, Oct. 1, 1895.

Poetry.

MANHOOD.

Not till life's heat has cooled,
The headlong rush slowed to a quiet pace,
And every purblind passion that has ruled
Our noisier years, at last
Spurs us in vain, and, weary of the race,
We care no more who loses or who wins—
Ah! not till all the best of life seems past,
The best of life begins.

To toll for only fame,
Hand-clapping and the fickle gusts of praise,
For place or power or gold to gild a name
Above the grave where
All paths will bring us, were to lose our days,
We on whose ears youth's passing bell has tolled,
In blowing bubbles, even as children do,
Forgetting we grow old.

But the world widens when
Such hope of trivial gain that ruled us lies
Broken among our childhood's toys, for then

We win to self-control!
Upon us from the vast and windless height
Those clearer thoughts that are unto the soul
What stars are to the night.

WHAT IS YOUR LIFE.

A little crib beside the bed,
A little face above the spread,
A little shoe upon the floor,
A little rock behind the door,
A little lad with dark brown hair,
A little blue-eyed young man,
A little lane that leads to school,
A little penit, slate and rule,
A little winsome, blithesome maid,
A little hand within his laid—
That is where he got married—
A little family gathering round,
A little turf-heaped, tear-dewed mound—
That is where the child died—
A little cottage and acres four,
A little old-time fashioned store,
A little added to his soil,
A little rest from hardest toil,
A little silver in his hair,
A little stool and an easy chair,
A little night of quiet sleep,
A little cottage to the tomb—
That is what life is.

Our Story Teller.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

BY F. C. PHILLIPS.

It did not end happily, not for Harry Seymour, that is to say; but it provided some excellent entertainment while it lasted, and is talked about in Wicketfield to-day. We were of us staying in Wicketfield, and Seymour had fallen a victim to the fascinations of Miss Norah Cardonnel; possibly because Wicketfield is a dull little watering place, and there was nothing else to do; possibly because he knew, or at least suspected, that she was worshiped by Stephen Lambworthy, and Stephen Lambworthy was his special bete noire.

I do not want to attribute unworthy motives to him; as a matter of fact, I liked him very much; so let us give him the benefit of the doubt, and say he had grown to adore Miss Cardonnel because Miss Cardonnel was adorable. Anyhow it was plain that he was hopelessly in love, and though I had been honored by Lambworthy's confidence in the matter, I personally did not give much for his chances.

No two fellows could possibly have been more unlike than Stephen and Harry Seymour. Harry, dashing, good-humored, high-spirited and handsome; Stephen, meek, nervous and with next to nothing to say for himself. That both were very young and their only point of resemblance, I thought I had gauged Miss Cardonnel's character sufficiently to prophesy which of her admirers would be accepted, presuming they both proposed, and I confess I was startled when Seymour displayed such strong irritation at the news that Lambworthy was expected on the scene.

"Confound him!" he said, "what does he want here? Can't he read in town just as well?" (We were supposed to be cramming for an exam., the three of us.) "What does he want to come bothering here for?"

"Well, you forget," I said; "Lambworthy may be said to be the discoverer of Wicketfield. At all events, neither you nor I would have come down here if it had not been that he was always talking about it. We should never even have known the Cardonnel but for him—remember that."

Seymour growled. It was a fact that Lambworthy had introduced us to them, and Harry never cared to be reminded of it.

"I don't want him," he said; "I don't get on with him; he is your friend, not mine, and he bores me. He is like a young lady, and he wears spectacles."

"He wears spectacles because he is short-sighted," I observed; "and as to being like a young lady, that is all right, Seymour! Anyhow, if he is such a complete duffer, why need you mind his coming?"

"What do you mean?" asked Harry, sharply.

"You are annoyed at his arrival because you are afraid you may find your nose out of joint when he appears. I say if he is such a duffer why need you be alarmed?"

"Oh! pooh, pooh, rubbish!" said Seymour. "I'm afraid of Stephen Lambworthy? That is too rich! That is really funny!" He made a loud noise, which I understood was meant to represent laughter. "You won't beat that if you talk for a month. Ha, ha, ha! Why, you don't mean to tell me you suppose for a single instant that a girl like Miss Cardonnel would seriously consider throwing herself away on a noodle like Lambworthy?—a flabby, invertebrate, feeble, faltering bundle of nerves like Lambworthy! Good Heavens! I'm afraid of Lambworthy! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, that's all right," I said; "I am glad for your sake you are so confident. I assume, however, that you won't deny she encouraged him when we all came down here? Because I saw her with you, and I saw her with him, and I say she did!"

"She flirted with him," said Seymour, tolerantly; "she flirted with him a little, yes! Why not? A girl must amuse herself. I do not complain of that."

"That's lucky," I replied; "singularly fortunate—for your own peace of mind. His letter says he will be with us to-morrow. He wants me to look out for a room for him."

"Cannot our landlady accommodate the gentleman?"

"No," I said; "she can't—not with a bedroom, that is! He will come in here to sleep, and I will be with him."

Seymour shrugged his shoulders, as much as to say that he was really indifferent as to the arrangement, and

Worcester Salt

Salter, Whiter, Purer
than ordinary salt.

lounched away in the direction of the Parade, where I have no doubt he expected to meet the Cardonnells, as was his daily custom.

I am ashamed to say that I neglected to engage a shakedown for Lambworthy that afternoon, and, as he arrived by an earlier train than he had mentioned on the morrow, it devolved upon him to go round and explore for himself after he got in.

However, he was quite cheerful when he returned to the cottage to supper; he had had tea at his friends the Cardonnells, in the meantime, and he told us he had secured a comfortable little room in the next street to us. He inquired at what hour we breakfasted and promised us not to be late. He was so very lively and talkative, for Lambworthy, that I felt the fair Norah had been agreeable in their interview, and I fancy Harry Seymour had the same idea, for he scowled at his whisky and water daisy, and failed to chat the other as brilliantly as was his wont.

I do not think that Seymour and I had turned in more than a quarter of an hour when there came a violent beating at the street door, and, peering out from my window, I saw Lambworthy standing on the step, with his portmanteau in his hand and his hat at the back of his head.

Wondering what he had come back for, I slipped on some things and ran down and let him in.

"What is it?" called Seymour, as I passed his room.

"It's Lambworthy," I answered; "perhaps his landlady is out, and he can't get in."

It transpired that the house in which he had been going to sleep had been broken into. Lambworthy was greatly upset. The landlady, who had been spending the evening out and had returned only a few minutes before himself, had met him in the passage in a state of terrible consternation. Her bedroom door, which she had locked before she left, had been forced open. The hush was wrenched out of the wardrobe and chest of drawers had been rifled of all their contents.

"The room is in the most dreadful condition," said Stephen, "and the woman, poor creature, is almost off her head. She said that she had never had such an experience before. I waited till a neighbor came in to keep her company—she was frightened to death. I don't know where she is now, but I have been back sooner. You must make me up a bed on the sofa for to-night, you fellows."

"Why didn't you stay there, as you intended?" said Seymour, who had joined us. "They haven't stolen the beds, have they?"

"Well," said Lambworthy, slowly, "do you know, it is strange, but it didn't occur to me. I gave me such a shock, the whole thing, it was so unexpected, that my only idea was to get away as soon as I could. And they have sent to the station, and the police will be here very soon. There is no sign of how the burglars effected an entrance. It would really have been very unpleasant to sleep there."

"Funks!" said Seymour under his breath; and, though I know that Lambworthy was not a coward, I could see myself his nerves were out of order, too.

If confirmation had been needed, I should have got it, as a banging came at the street door again, and a shrill voice was heard asking if "Mr. Lambworthy lived here?"

Stephen jumped up and went out, coming back to say it was the servant, who had been sent to inquire if he would kindly step round at eleven o'clock to-morrow, or if he would be here at the cottage, in case his evidence was wanted.

"I said I would go round with pleasure," he explained. "But I do not see what 'evidence' can give."

"Nor can anybody else see it either!" retorted Seymour. "My dear fellow, is it possible you don't understand what the girl came for really? She was sent to see if you had given a false address or not. The police are suspecting you."

I thought Lambworthy would have fallen.

"Suspecting me?" he ejaculated.

"Certainly, very natural, too. You go to a house, a perfect stranger. You engage a room; are furnished with a latch-key; and the same evening, while the landlady is out, a burglary takes place—a burglary never having occurred there before. If they had found no 'Mr. Lambworthy' living here, there would have been a warrant issued for your arrest."

"Do you think that is so, old fellow?" asked Stephen, appealing to me with big eyes.

I admitted that it sounded probable.

I, however, added that his respectability was a very easy matter to prove, even if it should still be doubted, and after he had regained his composure, we improvised a shakedown for him on the couch, and we all retired.

How can I describe the development? Lambworthy went round to the scene of the late commotion at eleven o'clock next morning, as he had promised; and when he came back, he was in the nearest approach to a rage that I had ever seen him in.

"Old chap, the wretch does suspect me!" he exclaimed; "Seymour was right! He gave me my deposit back, and said, if it was all the same to me, she would 'not' let the room. Of course I said I did not mind; and as she was rather inclined to be high-handed, I added that, on the whole, I did not know that I should fancy bringing my luggage there. I said it was 'rather a dangerous proceeding for a lady to go out, and leave a house to take care of itself.' And what do you think she answered?"

"I cannot guess," Lambworthy said; "she said, 'It is a good deal more dangerous to take a lodger without a reference.' I told her if she dared to hint at her infernal suspicions to her neighbors I'd have her up for slander, and so I will I never heard of such a thing!"

He was in a state of great excitement all day, recounting the affair over and over again to Seymour and Miss Cardonnel and myself. I am bound to say that I got a little tired of it, but Sey-

mour roared with laughter every time, and I caught a look in Norah Cardonnel's eyes that augured badly for him in consequence. If nobody else was sympathetic, the young lady was.

Harry Seymour disappeared during the afternoon, and went for his tramp, he said—and I had the indignation Lambworthy all to myself till he returned.

When he did come back, he said he had noticed a card with "Apartments to Let" on it in a window just round the corner, and suggested to Stephen obtaining a room in the house.

"This looks a good, substantial kind of domicile," he said; "one not likely to be burglarized. Wouldn't do for the next place you choose to be broken into, you know, Lambworthy; that would be really damning."

Lambworthy, who shuddered at the bare idea, thanked him, and sallied forth to see if he could arrange.

He came back and told us he had settled.

"But," he said, "do you know, I'm nervous. What Seymour said is true, and it might happen that the same kind of thing occurred there. What should I do if there were a robbery in there, to-night? Why, I should be taken up; I am certain I should!"

"Surely," said Seymour, exploding at first. "Console yourself by remembering that coincidences like that don't happen!"

He was very amiable to Lambworthy that evening, pressing him to try his tobacco after supper, and shaking hands with him warmly when they said "good night." He, however, did not want to go to bed after the other's departure; he said he should sit up and smoke, and begged me to do likewise.

"It's quite early," he said, "not eleven. Sit up with me, and we'll turn in, if you want to, as soon as I've finished this pipe."

I consented. As a matter of fact, he had never been better company, and I was just laughing heartily at a story he was telling me when—

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed, turning pale, "that can't be Lambworthy come back again to-night? Who is it?"

"Better open the door and see," replied Seymour, philosophically.

It was being beaten wildly as I bolted into the passage. Another instant, and my worst fears were verified. Lambworthy stood before me with chattering teeth, the portmanteau—the accursed portmanteau—by his side.

"Not—"

"Burglars!" he gasped; "yes! For the Lord's sake, give me some whisky, old man, I'm feeling ill!"

He followed me into the sitting-room and fell into a chair.

"It is the same thing," he muttered, "just the same thing! The house had been broken into when I got there, and no clew—no clew. The man showed me the room; everything scattered and upside down. Seymour, I shall get me!"

He seemed in measurable distance of it—even Seymour was concerned. It seemed like fatality! Wherever the poor fellow went there was a burglary; his name would be on the tongues of all Wicketfield directly. There was never anything known like it!

We gave him whisky, and more whisky, and, after that, whisky again. When he was asleep, we left him at last on the couch I do not know but as late as was white as a sheet in the morning, and when Mr. and Mrs. Cardonnel called, with their daughter, they were agast at his appearance.

"It is perfectly extraordinary!" exclaimed Norah, "and as to the police, who can allow such things—Words failed her to express her contempt for the stupidity of the police."

"I tell you what," said Mr. Cardonnel, "I should go down to the station myself if I were you—I will go with you. Confound it all, we will go at once. Something must be done, and without delay!"

I noticed that in a moment Seymour was almost as pale as Lambworthy; I was even prepared to hear him offer an objection.

"I should not do that, sir, if I may presume to advise," he said. "I should wait a day or two."

"And why, sir?" demanded Mr. Cardonnel, peremptorily; "why should we wait an hour?"

"Yes," echoed Norah, haughtily; "why should we wait five minutes, Mr. Seymour?"

"I will go now!" cried Stephen; "I thank you for the suggestion. We will go at once, and I will see the inspector myself."

Seymour sat playing nervously with an ash-tray on the table. He seemed to be trying to speak, and to have lost his voice. At last he said jerkily, and with an attempt at a laugh:

"To tell you the truth, everybody, you are spoiling a practical joke of mine. Lambworthy, and refused to let me go to a house, a perfect stranger. You engage a room; are furnished with a latch-key; and the same evening, while the landlady is out, a burglary takes place—a burglary never having occurred there before. If they had found no 'Mr. Lambworthy' living here, there would have been a warrant issued for your arrest."

"Do you think that is so, old fellow?" asked Stephen, appealing to me with big eyes.

A ROAD RACE.

He was generally called Old Scudamore, but the adjective was put there not on account of his advanced years, but probably because his temper was so bad. It was true that Scudamore had a daughter nineteen years of age, but a man may still be in the prime of life and possess such a luxury.

Old Scudamore made things lively wherever he was, and the people of his neighborhood were usually afraid of him. When the bicycle came to its present state of perfection, pneumatic tires, and all the rest of it, Old Scudamore invested in one. He soon became as fleet a wheelman as any man of his age.

It was not that Old Scudamore did not ride the bicycle for the pleasure of it, but merely, because the machine allowed him to get over his estate swiftly and silently. Silence and speed were said to be the great attraction the bicycle had for Scudamore, because he could drop down suddenly on any group of workmen on his place and find instantly whether they were attending to the business he paid them for, or whether they were "soldiering." A horse usually gave notice of its approach, while a bicycle did not. Scudamore's speed on his wheel soon resulted in an abbreviation of his name, and they called him "Old Scud," or sometimes "The Flying Scud."

Perhaps Scudamore's greatest triumph on his bicycle was his discovery of the lovers. He had taken a secluded path which ran through his estate. It was bordered on each side by trees which effectually screened the footway from all observation. He took this unaccustomed route, though the cycling was none too good on it, so that he might be more certain of coming unawares upon a group of lovers who were working at a drain beyond the further end of the path. As he came to a turn in the footway he was surprised to see ahead of him two young persons walking together—two persons of opposite sex.

As he approached silently, he was amazed to find one of them was his own daughter, and the other the impetuous young cashier of the County bank. He remembered that Wednesday afternoon was a half holiday at the bank, and thus the young fellow had had an opportunity of quitting the counting of cash, that was not his own, for the courting of the daughter of the man who was the largest depositor in the bank.

Old Scudamore gnashed his teeth in rage and nearly fell off his bicycle as he realized that the young man was probably there because his knowledge of the affairs of the bank gave him an indication of the wealth of the girl's father. He could think of no other reason for a young man coming from town to walk in a secluded spot with a pretty girl.

Old Scudamore cycled slowly and silently behind them for some time, listening to their conversation, and he was alongside the young man before either of them noticed his presence. That great value of a cycle is that it can keep its own counsel. The girl gave a slight shriek when she realized that her father was beside her, but the young man kept admirably cool.

"Are you aware, Mr. Scudamore, that you are trespassing?"

"I'm afraid I am, Mr. Scudamore," said the young fellow, "in more senses than one."

"You are a scoundrel!" cried Scudamore, "and if I ever catch you on this place again I will have you horse-whipped to the village. Meanwhile I will see the manager of the bank and have your name put on the black list. I know enough of the affairs of the bank to be aware that I have sufficient influence for that purpose."

"Yes," said the young man, "I know that you have; still, I had thought of retiring from the bank on becoming your son-in-law. I thought you might perhaps want an energetic young man to look after your estate, for every body says if you keep on the way you are going you won't have a man left on the place."

"You impudent villain!" cried Old Scud, "I'll teach you to talk to your betters in that fashion. Edna, you go home; I'll talk to you later on."

The girl was very much afraid of her father, and though she looked appealingly at him, she was frightened into silence. The young man, who was looking over his shoulder up the lane, instantly the truth of the situation was borne in upon Old Scudamore.

The advantages and disadvantages of the position passed before him. It was useless to go back and get another horse, for they would be in Scotland long before he could hope to overtake them. If he turned back, he would have to take them then he remembered with joy that the last three miles of the race was a long incline to the bridge at the border. If he could not overtake them before, he was sure to do so at that stage of the race.

"By all the gods," cried young Sherwin at that moment, "he's after us. Give me the reins and the whip, Edna; we must get over this bridge first. If we kill the horse in doing so, we'll have to go on foot."

The young girl, with a cry of fear, gave the reins into her lover's hands. In spite of all efforts of the horse they could not once shake off Old Scudamore, nor yet could he overtake them, but young Sherwin realized, as did Old Scudamore, that on the long decline to the bridge he would come up with them, and if they kept their horse on the gallop.

When the clapping couple reached the top of the hill where Borden's Arms stand, three miles from the bridge that leads into Scotland, the old man was but half a mile behind them trudging up the hill as stubbornly and apparently as fresh as ever.

The young man stopped the horse at the door of the public house, and said, "Good gracious," said the girl, "you are not going to stop here?"

"Yes," said young Sherwin. "Don't say a word. I will explain it all later," and he dashed into the public house, where he astonished the barmaid by asking if she sold empty bottles.

"Yes, sir," she said.

"Then give me an armful quickly," he cried, "I'll bring them a good price."

"Never mind the change, but be quick about it," answered her friend, "half the time my husband can't remember his last name till the next day."—Detroit Free Press.

"You see, my dear Edna, life for you will be perfectly unbearable, now that he has found it out. There is nothing for us but to escape to the Scottish border as quickly as we can and get married. We must go at once, or, as your father said, there is no chance of my ever seeing you again, if we don't."

"But," protested the girl, "how are we to go? You can't take me on your cycle, and I haven't one of my own, and I couldn't ride if I had. If we walk, father will surely overtake us, and he will surely inquire for me the moment he gets home."

"I'll tell you what to do," said the young man, who was a person of resource. "You go to the house as quickly as you can, and wait for me in the lodge, conceal my cycle, and wait for me there. Order out the dog cart, and put what things you urgently need in it. Have the fastest horse in the stable harnessed to the dog cart. Drive down to the lodge. I will join you there, and after that we will chance it."

"I'll tell you what to do," said the young man, who was a person of resource. "You go to the house as quickly as you can, and wait for me in the lodge, conceal my cycle, and wait for me there. Order out the dog cart, and put what things you urgently need in it. Have the fastest horse in the stable harnessed to the dog cart. Drive down to the lodge. I will join you there, and after that we will chance it."

"Not if we turn down Durwood's lane. If we can get that far we are all right. He will never think of looking in that direction. The great thing is speed, so get down to the porter's lodge as quickly as you can. You see, nobody at the house suspects anything, and it will not be difficult, but after to-day you will find that you will be kept a close prisoner. It is now or never, Edna, if you care anything for me."

Edna protested that she cared everything. The young man went back to the porter's lodge. He concealed his bicycle, and then waited with much impatience for the girl. At last she came, driving a horse that was celebrated for its speed. Young Sherwin sprang up beside her.

"Let me have the reins," he said.

"No, no," protested the girl, "I'm sure I can drive over so much better than you can, and besides, if we meet father he cannot accuse me of stealing the horse, while it is just possible he might suspect a charge against you, if we are caught."

They reached the turning and got into the lane without being observed, and so felt reasonably certain of success. But, alas! they had counted on the unaccustomed ways of Old Scud. He had cycled down into the town and found nothing of the man he was pursuing. He had learned from passers-by that no one had passed on a cycle for more than an hour, so he made up his mind that the young man would come by the lane, which, though the longest way round, was the safest from observation. Accordingly Old Scud, without waiting in the town, cycled out through the place to where the lane joined the main road. He felt sure he would meet his enemy there, and, in fact, he was indeed right. He was looking for a cyclist, and so paid little attention to the traps he met.

"There is just one chance in a million," said young Sherwin to Edna, when she, with terror, recognized her father on his wheel, "and that is he may not recognize us. Anyhow, there will be a race for it. It's too late to turn back now, so whip up the horse and let us win if we can."

It is a curious thing that impressions are sometimes left on the brain as a photograph is left on an undeveloped plate. The young people at first thought they had passed the old man unrecognized. He was bending his head over his work, and putting his best looks on the reader, and he merely glanced at the cart, and would have asked if they had seen a cyclist, only he noticed it was a lady who was driving.

So without paying any attention to the pair he rang his bell sharply to warn them to keep to their own side of the road and passed them like a cyclone. But as the old man worked his way up the hill, he saw that he had been asked if they had seen a cyclist, only he noticed it was a lady who was driving.

The pair he rang his bell sharply to warn them to keep to their own side of the road and passed them like a cyclone. But as the old man worked his way up the hill, he saw that he had been asked if they had seen a cyclist, only he noticed it was a lady who was driving.

The pair he rang his bell sharply to warn them to keep to their own side of the road and passed them like a cyclone. But as the old man worked his way up the hill, he saw that he had been asked if they had seen a cyclist, only he noticed it was a lady who was driving.

The pair he rang his bell sharply to warn them to keep to their own side of the road and passed them like a cyclone. But as the old man worked his way up the hill, he saw that he had been asked if they had seen a cyclist, only he noticed it was a lady who was driving.

The pair he rang his bell sharply to warn them to keep to their own side of the road and passed them like a cyclone. But as the old man worked his way up the hill, he saw that he had been asked if they had seen a cyclist, only he noticed it was a lady who was driving.

The pair he rang his bell sharply to warn them to keep to their own side of the road and passed them like a cyclone. But as the old man worked his way up the hill, he saw that he had been asked if they had seen a cyclist, only he noticed it was a lady who was driving.

The pair he rang his bell sharply to warn them to keep to their own side of the road and passed them like a cyclone. But as the old man worked his way up the hill, he saw that he had been asked if they had seen a cyclist, only he noticed it was a lady who was driving.

The pair he rang his bell sharply to warn them to keep to their own side of the road and passed them like a cyclone. But as the old man worked his way up the hill, he saw that he had been asked if they had seen a cyclist, only he noticed it was a lady who was driving.

The pair he rang his bell sharply to warn them to keep to their own side of the road and passed them like a cyclone. But as the old man worked his way up the hill, he saw that he had been asked if they had seen a cyclist, only he noticed it was a lady who was driving.

The pair he rang his bell sharply to warn them to keep to their own side of the road and passed them like a cyclone. But as the old man worked his way up the hill, he saw that he had been asked if they had seen a cyclist, only he noticed it was a lady who was driving.

The pair he rang his bell sharply to warn them to keep to their own side of the road and passed them like a cyclone. But as the old man worked his way up the hill, he saw that he had been asked if they had seen a cyclist, only he noticed it was a lady who was driving.

The pair he rang his bell sharply to warn them to keep to their own side of the road and passed them like a cyclone. But as the old man worked his way up the hill, he saw that he had been asked if they had seen a cyclist, only he noticed it was a lady who was driving.

The pair he rang his bell sharply to warn them to keep to their own side of the road and passed them like a cyclone. But as the old man worked his way up the hill, he saw that he had been asked if they had seen a cyclist, only he noticed it was a lady who was driving.

The pair he rang his bell sharply to warn them to keep to their own side of the road and passed them like a cyclone. But as the old man worked his way up the hill, he saw that he had been asked if they had seen a cyclist, only he noticed it was a lady who was driving.

The pair he rang his bell sharply to warn them to keep to their own side of the road and passed them like a cyclone. But as the old man worked his way up the hill, he saw that he had been asked if they had seen a cyclist, only he noticed it was a lady who was driving.

The pair he rang his bell sharply to warn them to keep to their own side of the road and passed them like a cyclone. But as the old man worked his way up the hill, he saw that he had been asked if they had seen a cyclist, only he noticed it was a lady who was driving.

The pair he rang his bell sharply to warn them to keep to their own side of the road and passed them like a cyclone. But as the old man worked his way up the hill, he saw that he had been asked if they had seen a cyclist, only he noticed it was a lady who was driving.

The pair he rang his bell sharply to warn them to keep to their own side of the road and passed them like a cyclone. But as the old man worked his way up the hill, he saw that he had been asked if they had seen a cyclist, only he noticed it was a lady who was driving.

The pair he rang his bell sharply to warn them to keep to their own side of the road and passed them like a cyclone. But as the old man worked his way up the hill, he saw that he had been asked if they had seen a cyclist, only he noticed it was a lady who was driving.

